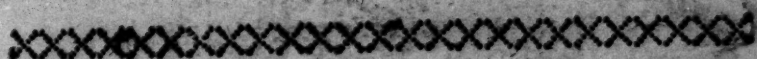


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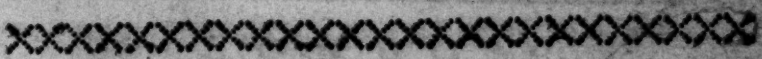


E L I Z A

Or, The HISTORY of

Miss GRANVILLE.

VOL. I.



THE
HISTORY OF
MISS GRANVILLE
IN HER CONFINING LIBRARY
AND
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E. J. N. A.

OF THE



MRS GRAYVILLE

VOL. I.

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E L I Z A:

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OR, THE
H I S T O R Y
O F
Miss Granville.

By the AUTHOR of
I N D I A N A D A N B Y.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N:
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FOR
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OF THE
HISTORY
OF
Miss Granville.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

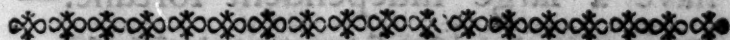
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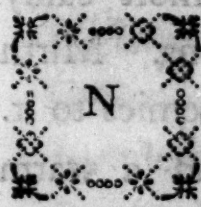
E L I Z A:

Or, The HISTORY of
Miss *GRANVILLE*.



LETTER I.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss
CHARLOTTE LENOX.

 O, my dear *Charlotte*, I de-
test marriage—I have, eve-
ry day, fresh reasons to con-
firm me in my love of li-
berty. Shall I, without having the
fear of misery before my eyes, run
willfully into the snare, and yield up
my glorious freedom to that tyrant,

VOL. I.

B

man?

man? What should I gain by such a sacrifice?—Coldness and neglect—instead of what I now enjoy—pleasure, love and admiration.

I am young, and, if I may believe the world and my glass, handsome: have a large independent fortune.—What can I wish for more? Under a masque of coquetry, I conceal a heart circumspectly guarded from the attacks of love, knowing that passion to be of a serious nature, and most easily formed in serious dispositions. Mirth and dissipation are really enemies to it. Nourished by thought, and a warm imagination, it takes deepest root in retirement, and is fed by sighs and softness. For this reason I fly for shelter, against its attacks, to company and diversion, to what your grave one's
would

History of Miss Granville. 3

would call temptations, but which I feel, by experience, to have a quite contrary effect. Believe me, there is but little danger in a free intercourse with the male creatures. If one is struck with their persons, a variety will secure the heart from any particular attachment; and to converse with them is still a greater antidote against the poison received by the eyes; for, take them all in all, slender will be found their power of pleasing. I speak for myself, and must do the beaux that justice, to own that they are more harmless creatures than is generally imagined.

I rejoice in my insensibility, which is greatly strengthened by the example I have before my eyes of the comforts of matrimony. You know I

4 *ELIZA: Or, the*

live with my guardian and his lady; as you never saw either of them, take a sketch of their characters.

Sir *John Stratton* is about five and thirty, handsome and elegant in his person; his face has nothing striking in it at the first glance, but, upon a little examination, one finds a great deal of expression of sensibility, and a sort of shrewdness that is more dangerous than beauty. His eyes, teeth and hair are extremely fine, and his smiles have a satirical sort of waggishness that makes one believe their owner is not without a good share of wit. Nor does his conversation destroy these expectations; he is lively, artful, and, when he pleases, can be very tender and insinuating. Far gone in the fashionable extravagance of this voluptuous

History of Miss Granville. 5

luptuous age, he is fond of gaming, dissipation, and intrigue; and, though but a few years married to a woman he once doated on, is already, in every respect, the modish husband.

Lady *Louisa Stratton* is almost a finished beauty; but what the men call an inanimate one. Rather serious than sprightly, and, from a sort of diffidence, makes a less shining figure in conversation, than many who have not half her good sense. She loves Sir *John* with a tenderness that, without meeting a just return, makes her but the more sensibly affected with his coolness. Naturally inclined to jealousy, she finds but too many causes to torment herself. From the friendship she honours me with, I collect, daily, fresh arguments, by the confidence she reposes

6 *E L I Z A: Or, the*

in me, against the state you would persuade me to embrace.

No, *Charlotte*, let me revenge our injured sex; and, since nature and fortune have put it in my power, let me punish those ingrates, that so little merit our tenderness. I triumph in the wounds I give, without any design to heal. No less than six captives now wear my chains, whom I treat with a caprice that you will, perhaps, censure, but, do they deserve better? Is not their whole study to deceive us? How many have fallen a prey to their artifices? Hapless beauty, when unfriended by fortune, without an uncommon share of prudence and virtue, becomes a prey to their ungodly passions. And with every advantage, have we reason to triumph in

in our lot? since even matrimony subjects us to a dependence which that ungenerous sex render almost insupportable: so ill a use do they make of their prerogative, so constantly do they keep in mind one part of a ceremony composed by themselves, *Obeys*—I am ready to cry out with *Calista*, in the *Fair Penitent*—

——Wherefore are we
Born with high souls, but to assert ourselves,
Shake off this vile obedience they exact,
And claim an equal empire o'er the world?

With these sentiments, and in a humour very little favourable to his suit, I am going to receive one of my captives, who, I am told, is waiting for me—but patience, good sir; (I am sure I have taken no small pains to teach

you that difficult lesson) let me first give a sketch of your character to my friend.

Mr. *Beaumont* is a young gentleman of a good family, possessed of a clear estate of three thousand a year. I mention his perfections first, to prepossess you in his favour. His person is tall and genteel enough, his manner *assez bien, là là*.—Though, before me, he appears to disadvantage, as he is one of your timid lovers: I therefore do him the justice to judge of him by the character I hear of him from others. They tell me he is extremely sensible, has an uncommon share of learning, is a man of good morals, strict honour, generous disposition, and, though rather grave and reserved to strangers, an engaging companion to
his

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his intimates ; warm and constant in his friendships, and—I do'nt know what all—but, in short, a mighty good kind of a young man.—May be so ; but he is not the *man* for all that.

Adieu, *Charlotte* ; do me the justice to believe me sincerely,

Your's,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



10 **ELIZA:** *On, the*

LETTER II,

Miss **ELIZA GRANVILLE,** *to Miss*

CHARLOTTE LENOX.

LET me entertain you with a morning matrimonial scene, as it was performed in *Lady Louisa's* dressing-room.

Neat, blooming and sweet, with a truly maternal deportment and air, my friend sat down at the tea-table. In a few minutes enters *Sir John*—Stockings loose, garters in his hand, dressed in his blue damask morning gown—his hair uncombed, hanging over his face.

Good morrow, my charming *Miss Granville*, said he.—How are you, my dear?

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dear? (Carelessly to his lady.) Then, flinging himself into a chair, began gartering his stockings, whistling,

Of all comforts, I miscarried,

When I play'd the fool, and married.

A plaguy headach, my lovely *Eliza*, said he; no man was ever so tormented with it as I am.—Oh pray, my dear, turning to his lady, be a little quicker in your motions. For heaven's sake, let me have some tea.

I don't wonder at your headach, said *Lady Stratton*, considering the hours you keep. I am sure I should not live a month, were I to lead such a racketing life.

No! my dear, said he, smiling; then try it by all means.

Oh, the tender husband! cry'd I;
what endearing advice!

Nay, my little smart one, said he,
taking my hand, I only advise her to
try the life she rails at, in order to
give her a better opinion of it.

No need of explanations, Sir *John*,
said I, we understand your meaning.

Indeed, my dear, said his lady, you
give me great uneasiness. Can I bear
to see you so prodigal of your health?
Must that, and your time be wholly
squandered away on others, while my
melancholy hours are spent in fruitless
anxiety? Why, alas! is your home
the only place that is irksome to you?
Once you could take pleasure in my
company; yet, what have I done that
now, neither night nor day, I am ho-
noured with your presence, except,
sometimes,

sometimes, when sleep has kindly banished, for a few minutes, my care, you come, unseasonably, to interrupt it?

I interrupt your sleep! cried he, archly; what an unjust accusation! But that may be easily remedied; separate beds is both a fashionable and convenient plan. I have no objections, I assure you.

No, I believe not, said Lady *Louisa*, with tears in her eyes; but let me tell you, sir, this usage is very cruel to me, who have always made it my study to oblige. Oh! what a return do you make for all my tenderness! Other wives——

Oh lord—Oh lord—cried he, interrupting her, and putting his hands

on

on his ears; you distract my head. Did I not tell you that it ached most confoundedly? Have you no bowels—no pity—that you keep bothering me in this manner?—Here, *Pompey*, *Pompey*, called he to a great dirty greyhound, that just then followed a servant into the room, come here my pretty fellow. Pray observe him, Miss *Granville*; did you ever see so pretty a creature?

Very well, said Lady *Stratton*, I find I am unworthy your attention—It is, to be sure, better bestowed on that dirty animal: but I beg at least you will caress him somewhere else, for I do not chuse to have my apartment daubed with his nasty feet.

Cry

Cry you mercy! my lady, said he; I did not know you was so over delicate; but a little patience, child, and both the dirty animal and his master will take themselves off. Love me, love my dog—that's my maxim.—What say you, Miss *Granville*?

Say! answered I, nothing now—but, were I your mate, I would either kill or cure you.—

Of what, my dear? said he.

Of what! answered I; of every thing; for you must be quite new modelled, at present you are good for nothing.

That's civil, said he; but, harkee, my lovely ward, man is a wilful creature, and not so easily governed as you seem to imagine. Let me
give

give you one piece of advice before you get yourself fettered. Always chuse some more agreeable subject to entertain your husband with, than lectures on his bad behaviour.—

Lectures, I say, by way of a softer expression than, perhaps, it will bear; for, if I mistake not, the vulgar would, without ceremony, call it *scolding*.

Do I scold, then? said Lady *Stratton*, colouring; upon my word, sir, you are very polite; you might at least keep up a little outward appearance of civility. My birth, fortune, and even person (which I have no reason to believe contemptible, but from your usage) entitle me, I think, to a different treatment. You should have more pride than to expose yourself before Miss *Granville*.

Very

History of Miss Granville. 17

Very good advice, my dear, said he, carelessly; pray follow it, for, *entre nous*, you have full as much exposed yourself as me—But—to be sure—as you say, a lady of your rank and fortune!—Oh lord! Oh lord! what it is to be under obligations! One is in continual danger of being put in mind of them.—But, my good lady, had not I, too, birth and fortune? And yet, I never upbraided you with either. Judge, Miss *Granville*, which of the two is the most generous.

I shook my head.

Oh, my sweet enemy, how significant was that look! said he. What lovely eyes! added he, looking tenderly on me:

None of your unmeaning flattery, said I. Un-

Unmeaning! answered he; is that the only fault you have to it? If so, I can easily clear myself; for, by heaven——

Psha, cried I, frowning, how can you trifle so? I am not in a humour for raillery.

Oh, pray, my dear *Eliza*, let him have his own way, said Lady *Stratton*; Sir *John* is fond of shewing his wit.

And I can tell you, my lady, said he, you would, perhaps, be more to my taste if you had any to shew—— She burst into tears.

This is too much, said she. Am I then, become an object of your ridicule? If to be witty is to be cruel like you, I will glory in my stupidity.

—True, sir, your wife is not witty,
but

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but sure she is too good for the treatment you think fit to bestow on her. But go on, sir; destroy every remainder of my affection, teach me to despise you, as you do me, and I shall then be happy in my insensibility, shall bear your inconstancy without uneasiness, and no longer think your presence a pleasure; then may you murder your time and health, without a check, without danger of my taking the pains to scold you, as you are pleased to call it.

“ I think, quoth *Thomas*, women’s “tongues of aspine leaves are made.”

—Do you know that song, *Miss Granville*? said the unfeeling creature; I wish you would sing it to me. I want a little harmony. I do not know how it is, but the good folks in my family
are

are grown very fond of discord, lately. For my part, I am a poor dove-like creature, and have a natural antipathy to this jarring. Before I was shackled, I had the character of a sprightly, good-natured fellow; but now, a plague on this matrimony—Never have any thing to say to it, my dear girl—'tis, as you see, a devil of a life. He took my hand, but I flung from him. He followed me.

Let not my lovely ward be offended at me, said he, in a low voice; I can bear any thing but that.—I made him no answer, but left the room, sincerely pitting my friend, and heartily hating her tormentor.

And are these, *Charlotte*, the blissful scenes I am to expect, if I follow your advice?—What signifies the good character

History of Miss Granville. 21

rafter of Mr. *Beaumont*?—A husband and a lover, my dear, are very different animals. I'll have nothing to say to the former, though I may, perhaps, for a few years longer, amuse myself with the latter.

Farewell, my dear friend, I am going to make a round of morning visits. We are to have a good deal of company at dinner, Mr. *Beaumont* among the rest, and two others of my humble servants.—Who are they? you will ask. To satisfy your curiosity, I will attempt their characters, though it may, perhaps, be more justly said of that sex than ours—Most men have no characters at all, in any sense of the word—But to the swains.—

Sir *Harry Townsend* is a young man of small fortune; and that, by the
bye,

22 *ELIZA: Or, the*

bye, is, perhaps, the principal reason of his paying his addresses to me, for I do not think him capable of a very serious passion; he is too fond of his own sweet person, to admit a rival in his heart—he is really what is called, a very pretty fellow. Vain enough in conscience, trifling in his conversation, and one that would fain, in spite of nature, be witty. He courts me with all the gaiety imaginable, pays compliments and takes snuff by turns, hums an air, then swears he's dying for me, a little in the opera taste, a kind of recitative. Though I despise him, and take no great pains to hide my sentiments, he neither seems discouraged nor disconcerted.

My other lover, Mr. *Ramsay*, has a good estate, affects a great deal of wisdom,

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dom, talks very methodically, and sentimentally, reasons with me instead of courting, and demonstrates the strength of his passion, as well as the necessity of my making a return to it, in a logical manner; yet have not his arguments convinced, though delivered with great gravity and perspicuity. — An odd, formal mortal, with but an indifferent person, too! — What can make *him* hope for success? — Oh, the vanity of mankind!

Adieu, *Charlotte*, I have time for no more — Believe me,

Your's,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.

L E T

LETTER III.

*Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss
CHARLOTTE LENOX.*

THE company are gone. What a medley of characters! Very amusing to me, you may believe, who have rather, as you have often told me, a turn for ridicule.—How deceitful are men!—Sir *John* was in the best humour imaginable, and behaved to his lady in so polite a manner—(but, to do him justice, he is the best bred man in the world) that, I doubt not, our guests thought them an amazingly happy couple.

After

History of Miss Granville. 25

After they were gone, Mr. Beaumont endeavoured to engage me in a particular conversation, but was prevented by Sir Harry, who, perhaps, with the same design, took care to sit near me, and said a thousand silly things in a low voice, which did not, however, escape the other, who eyed him with looks of ineffable contempt, and, at last, out of all patience,

How can you, madam, said he, listen to such impertinence? Does the discourse of that superlative fop, merit those enchanting smiles you honour him with? Oh, rather deign to bestow them on him whose heart would exult in the least testimony of your favour.

If you look upon such as these to be testimonies of favour, said I, you

are extremely welcome to them; go on, sir, and you stand a great chance of exciting them.

Oh, I knew it but too well, said he, sighing; I have been accustomed to your scorn, yet how have I deserved it? Can a passion, like mine,——

Oh, hush, for heaven's sake, cried I; must I, on all sides, be pestered with flames and darts? I will, positively, change my situation — this place is dangerous — My heart can certainly never hold out against so warm a siege.

'Tis well, madam, said he; I see who you would wish to quit the field. Happy Sir *Harry*! he is listened to with pleasure—I only am irksome to you. True, our manner is as opposite as are our passions—Where the heart is deeply affected, the tongue is less eloquent;

History of Miss Granville. 27

quent; and, indeed, mine is ever deficient in that flow of compliment and flattery which so distinguishes my envied rival.

O lord, sir, said I, you have made me lose a most excellent speech of Sir *Harry's*. How could you do so, when you know he is so seldom guilty of saying a good thing? What would I give, that the ears were formed like the eyes, to close and open at pleasure! I would then give you a hearing by turns; but both at a time—Unconscionable! Come, Sir *Harry*, *encore*, repeat that last well-turned compliment. How was it? Angels might envy—Pray let us have it again.

Dear, witty creature, said he, how I adore you! Let me die if any lady I ever met with before, had so perfectly the gift of rallying agreeable.

28 *ELIZA: Or, the*

And let me die, said Mr. *Beaumont*, to use your own courtly expression, if ever lady had so proper an object for ridicule.

No, faith, cried the other, it must be owned that thy formal gravity has something truly comic in it.

How, sir ! said Mr. *Beaumont*, fiercely, for the man has no turn for joaking ; take care what you say, know your man before you venture to utter your insipid jests.

Take his advice, Sir *Harry*, said I, laughing ; as he cannot combat with you at your own weapons, he will naturally have recourse to those he is more expert at, and you will find his the most dangerous of the two ;

For deadly mischief does environ

The man that meddles with cold iron.

Why,

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Why, faith, madam, said he, I have no great relish for that sort of encounters. I think I am more than his match at the tongue; with that I can give him flash for flash, and dash for dash, as *Bays* has it, but for any thing else, I am his humble servant.

I wish, then, said Mr. *Beaumont*, after this compliment, so proper a prelude to parting, you would favour me with your absence for a while.

No, there you must excuse me again, said Sir *Harry*; I would not quite my delightful post, though an armed host were endeavouring to dislodge me.—He had scarce spoke, when Mr. *Ramsay* came to make up the triumvirate of oddities.

I have, madam, said he, been engaged in a dispute of which you was
C 3 the

the subject. First, I was endeavouring to prove, that you had the outward appearance of a coquet; secondly, that it was *but* in appearance; and thirdly—

And lastly, I hope, cried I, interrupting him, for I am already tired of your divisions; so, pray, sir, proceed no farther, since, I am sure, I shall not like your sermon, though you have done me the honour to chuse me as your text.

Nay, but pray only hear me to an end, madam, said he.—

Oh, no, answered I, I know your method too well, there's *no end* to it.

This is very surprising, said he, that when I could so clearly demonstrate the point I argued for, you will not permit one to speak.

Have

History of Miss Granville. 31

Have you not spoke already, said I, and as much to the purpose, in my opinion, as you ever did in your life?

Nay, madam, now I am sure you are rallying me, for what have I said?

What do you ever say? answered I. I may justly apply *Romeo's* speech to you;

You speak, and yet say nothing.

Why, to be sure, madam, that is, as you say, very possible; for it is easy to demonstrate that words are only sounds—thus, for example—

Oh, no more examples, for heaven's sake, cried I; I have enough before me.

Well, you are in a most unaccountable humour, to-day, said he; if you were not a lady, a fair lady too, and a favoured lady, I can tell you,

I should be a little out of patience, at so many unseasonable interruptions to my discourse; but I could name you a number of prerogatives that are peculiar to your sex; as first—

Again at your divisions? cried I. As one of these said prerogatives, I take the liberty of imposing silence on your learned definitions.

Quite in a pet at this speech, he left me to join the rest of the company, who, he knew, would be more attentive to his sentiments and opinions.

And now, my dear *Charlotte*, I take my leave of you, with assuring you, that I am, with great sincerity,

Your's,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.

L. E. T.

LETTER IV.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss
CHARLOTTE LENOX.

I AM extremely uneasy at a suspicion I am beginning to entertain in regard to Sir *John Stratton*; heaven grant it may be without foundation! But his behaviour to me is really very alarming.—Yet, surely he dare not—but what is not a man of his principles capable of? In short, my dear *Charlotte*, I have all the reason in the world to believe my guardian has conceived a passion for me.—If he has, how little is he worthy of that name?

But his eyes, and a thousand inadvertencies, give but too great a colour for this shocking belief. — What shall I do? — If my suspicions are confirmed, I will immediately quit his house. — For fear of the worst, I have already endeavoured to prepare Lady *Stratton*, in case I should find such a procedure necessary. As a pretence for leaving her, I have expressed a desire for spending a few months in the country; and as Sir *John* is engaged in the prosecution of a law-suit, they will be obliged to stay in town this summer, which will leave me at liberty to go without them. My friend expresses so much sorrow at the thoughts of parting with me, that I hardly know how to act; though, should he have the presumption (which yet I hope he never will)

to make a more open avowal of his guilty love, I shall not deliberate a moment——The very thoughts of it make me shudder.

Perhaps I am causelessly alarmed. I would hope the best. But why are his eyes so constantly fixed on me? Why does he sigh, why press my hand, whenever he has a pretence to take hold of it? which, by his management, is but too often the case. I must be more reserved. Yet little did I think the innocent liberties I have indulged him in, from the gaiety and natural frankness of my disposition, would be so fatally abused as I fear they are, but I will be more circumspect for the future; though, upon the most strict scrutiny of my behaviour to him, I cannot accuse myself

of the least indiscretion or unbecoming freedom. I am deeply humbled at the bare suspicion of his daring to think—but it cannot be—No, it is impossible, and I torment myself without a cause,—I will examine his behaviour with more attention.—He is a general admirer of all who have the least pretensions to beauty. Perhaps, what my virtue is alarmed at is only some of that unmeaning gallantry with which he treats almost my whole sex.—I will endeavour to conquer my fears. He cannot be so abandoned—he will not abuse the trust my parents reposed in him. Is he not my guardian? Honour, conscience, humanity, every motive of generosity calls upon him to protect me. Will he, then, break

break through all these forceable ties, and, lost to goodness, turn my seducer? Impossible, as I before said, it cannot be.

Write to me, my dear *Charlotte*, and give me your opinion and advice. My mind is greatly disquieted, your letters will restore my tranquillity. Adieu, my amiable friend; I am not composed enough to lengthen my letter: one very disagreeable subject alone engrosses my thoughts—Perhaps, when I write again, I shall be more at ease. Once more, adieu. Believe me ever

Your's,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.

LET-

LETTER V.

*Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss
CHARLOTTE LENOX.*

OH, it is but too true!—I am all horror and amazement! How durst he presume—but read the shocking letter, and wonder with me.

To Miss GRANVILLE.

‘ I tremble while I write, which I
‘ do on my knees. Oh, my adorable,
‘ lovely ward, you have undone me.—
‘ What shall I say? Can I help, can I
‘ govern the feelings of a heart that
‘ must

‘ must be adamant to remain insen-
‘ sible to your charms? To charms
‘ from which I daily drink delicious
‘ poison?—Oh! last night, what tran-
‘ sport did I not experience! By hea-
‘ ven, you was all enchantment! Why
‘ did you smile so sweetly? Why shoot
‘ thrilling pleasure from your insinuat-
‘ ing voice? Why permit those inno-
‘ cent, but seducing freedoms, that
‘ have inflamed my long-begun passion
‘ into madness?—Oh, *Eliza*, my adore-
‘ able *Eliza*, pity the distraction you
‘ have caused. I know I ought not;
‘ that ’tis presumption to declare my
‘ passion; but punish my temerity,
‘ command my death, and I will obey
‘ you—yes, my lovely torment, I can
‘ die, but while I live, I cannot, will
‘ not cease to love you.

‘ Hear

‘ Hear me, my charmer, since I
‘ have dared to break the painful si-
‘ lence. Oh, suffer me to plead for
‘ your pardon, the forceable dictates
‘ of nature will be obeyed. What,
‘ though I am bound, fettered by hu-
‘ man ties, can these stifle the genuine
‘ feelings of the free-born heart? Of a
‘ heart formed with such a powerful
‘ propensity to love, and softness, rashly
‘ paired to one, whose sentiments and
‘ disposition are so ill suited to it?
‘ Murmuring at the unnatural union,
‘ it has at last found its kindred mind,
‘ and pants to mix with thine. Oh,
‘ my *Eliza!* heaven, surely, meant us
‘ for each other; do not, then, oppose
‘ its decrees, stifle not the voice of na-
‘ ture, that would, if you do not, with
‘ tyrannic, savage virtue, check it, ac-
‘ knowledge—

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‘knowledge—What am I saying?—
‘*Eliza*, my dear *Eliza*, thou sovereign
‘of my affections, what language shall
‘I use to render you propitious? Oh!
‘I dare not hope. My cursed marri-
‘age—but what has that to do with
‘love?

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties;
Spreads its light wings, and in a moment flies.

‘And must I, then, because unhappily
‘fettered, give up that only joy of life,
‘that delicious cordial that alone can
‘make our existence supportable? Say,
‘must I pine away unpitied, unre-
‘garded, while this fierce passion preys
‘upon my vitals?

‘Cruel *Eliza*! Can thy gentle bo-
‘som be steeled against my misery?

‘Will

42 *E L I Z A: Or, the*

‘ Will your obdurate virtue be satisfied
‘ with a no less inhuman sacrifice than
‘ my life? Be it so—die, then, unfor-
‘ tunate *Stratton*! since the arbiters of
‘ your fate commands it.

‘ But, ah! *Eliza*, could I prevail on
‘ you to divest yourself of the preju-
‘ dice of custom; would you but listen
‘ to my tender arguments! Surely, ah!
‘ surely, you would be convinced, that
‘ there can be no crime in love, even
‘ though cloathed with circumstances
‘ which the misguided world would call
‘ criminal. The censorious world, by
‘ the secret stratagems of a powerful
‘ and ingenuous passion, might remain
‘ for ever ignorant of our delicious
‘ union—a union of two constant, ten-
‘ der hearts, much more endearing than
‘ all the formal, cold ties, that priest-
‘ craft

‘craft has invented.—Yes, my *Eliza*,
‘we would live only for each other,
‘and should taste pleasures, which
‘would amply compensate for the loss
‘of a stoical, insensible virtue, whose
‘reward is poor, when compared to
‘the joys you would reject for its sake.

‘On my knees I implore your par-
‘don, for the ungovernable dictates of
‘my heart. *Eliza*, adorable *Eliza*,
‘pity the unfortunate.

‘STRATTON.’

Miss GRANVILLE in Continuation.

Am I awake, *Charlotte*? Have I
really received this horrid letter?—
I am ready to faint—What shall I do?
Must I answer it?—Ah! what can I
say to him? How find language to
express

express my resentment? How I am agitated! But I must condescend to write, lest he should misinterpret my silence.

To Sir JOHN STRATTON,

‘ Oh, that my pen, unequal to the
‘ task, could express the horror and
‘ resentment that glows in my breast at
‘ the daring proof you have given me
‘ of your presumption!—Ah! is it
‘ possible? Am I fallen so low, as to
‘ be treated in so licentious a manner?
‘ What part of my conduct could au-
‘ thorize your criminal, your audacious
‘ hopes?—Ah! I will punish my heart
‘ for its levity—I abhor myself for hav-
‘ ing, though innocently, given birth
‘ to your insulting passion—but learn,
‘ sir,

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“sir, for the future, not to judge
“rashly from appearances. If I have
“been faulty there, you have severely
“taught me to repent.—Blush, if
“you have any sense of honour left, at
“the ungenerous use you make of the
“ill-judged confidence that was placed
“in you, and now relinquish a trust
“that you have proved yourself so un-
“worthy of. Henceforth I will be the
“guardian of my fortune, as well as of
“my honour—Never let me see you
“more—I shall leave your inhospitable
“mansion immediately—Resign, then,
“all authority over me, and dare not
“to oppose my fixed resolution, lest I
“expose you, in your true character,
“to the world, who will compel you
“to do justice to

“ELIZA GRANVILLE.”

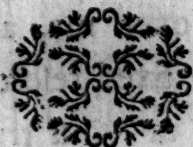
I have

46 *ELIZA: Or, the*

I have sent my letter, and now must invent some pretence to Lady *Stratton*, for my immediate departure. I propose going down to my cousin's in *Northamptonshire*.—What a provoking affair! I have a thousand things to settle, and must dispatch them as soon as possible.—Adieu, *Charlotte*—Pity

Your

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



LET-

LETTER VI.

*Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss
CHARLOTTE LENOX.*

I HAVE, this moment, received an answer to my letter. Necessity compelled me to read it; yet, you may believe, it was a painful task. I enclose it to you. I have time for no more.

E. G.

To Miss GRANVILLE.

‘ Yes, cruel, but adorable *Eliza*, I
‘ resign all authority over you. Ill
‘ would it become your unhappy slave
‘ to assume such a prerogative. Go,
‘ then,

48 *ELIZA: Or, the*

“ then, fair upbraider, go—and leave
“ a wretch whom death will soon relieve
“ from the misery you cause him. But,
“ ah! how little do you know the
“ heart you so haughtily despise, when
“ you threaten me with the censure of
“ the world! A world that I contemn!
“ Were the loss of its favour the only
“ bar to my hopes, with how little pain
“ could I resign it!

“ Be, then, the guardian of your fortune—take mine too—what is wealth
“ to me? What is the whole earth,
“ now I shall lose the only object that
“ is worthy my attachment? Oh, virtuous, cruel maid! think not I am so
“ lost to honour, as to use any other
“ method to gain your pity, but the
“ soft pleadings of an enamoured heart.

“ Why

“ Why then, armed as you are with savage, unfeeling virtue, need you fly me? No, rather stay and triumph in your victory. Yet, alas! what victory? My ill-fated love can have no temptation; for is not your scorn and hatred a sufficient security? Yet, do not, dear *Eliza*, do not leave me; stay, but to see my death. Yes; I will make that atonement for my involuntary crime, which, I confess, I cannot repent of. A few months will deliver you from a wretch who has so unhappily incurred your displeasure. Since it is deemed so unpardonable a crime to love you, why did heaven adorn you with such destructive charms? Am I to blame, because my heart is sensible of the perfection of its workmanship?—

‘ Oh—but this cursed marriage! there’s
‘ the cruel bar to all my hopes—Had
‘ I but known you sooner!—yet, what
‘ then?—Could I, deficient as I am in
‘ every charm to move, to communi-
‘ cate the tender passion I so fervently
‘ feel, have gained so glorious a con-
‘ quest?—A conquest, that others of
‘ far more merit have in vain aspired
‘ to? Oh, *Eliza*! is all that softness,
‘ are those persuasive, melting eyes be-
‘ stowed on an unfeeling heart? Is that
‘ bewitching form the deceitful shrine
‘ of an unsusceptible nature? A na-
‘ ture, incapable of love? that most
‘ endearing, that delightful passion?—
‘ Ah! let me teach you the pleasing
‘ lesson—Oh, pardon me, I know not
‘ what I write. Dear, cruel, lovely
‘ *Eliza*, forgive the unfortunate

‘ STRATTON.’

LETTER VII.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss
CHARLOTTE LENOX.

I HAVE spoke to Lady Stratton, my dear *Charlotte*, and have told her my resolution of leaving her. What tender arguments did she not use to dissuade me from it!

Oh, my friend! said she, you are my only comfort. I could bear the coolness of Sir *John*, while your gentle heart sympathized with me, while your endearing company made me some amends for the loss of his; but, if you forsake me, how shall I support

my wretched lot? Do not, my dear, my beloved *Eliza*, abandon your friend.

You may believe it was a painful struggle for me to refuse her, but you know, my dear *Charlotte*, 'tis absolutely necessary for me to quit a place where I am exposed to the artifice of a man, who, though now justly my aversion, has yet but too many accomplishments for me to venture the temptation. As yet I feel a horror for his guilty passion, but it would be a presumption, for which I should expect to be punished, were I not to fly from the danger; since human nature, though assisted by those best, those only sure guardians, religion and virtue, is yet, alas! but too much prone to evil.

My friend has just left me. What shall I do? She has been shewing me
a letter

a letter from her mother, the Lady *Essex*, who informs her, she will, with her sister, be with her this week. Lady *Stratton* conjures me with tears, to stay till their visit is over; declaring she shall have no spirits without my presence to entertain her guests. If I will but oblige her with my company, for one fortnight longer, she will, in that time, endeavour to reconcile herself to our separation. But such a sudden resolution, when she is little prepared for the shock of losing me, will absolutely, with Sir *John's* negligent behaviour to her, break her heart. For, my dear *Eliza*, said she, when you are gone, he will observe no measures with me. Your presence is a kind of check; he is always most complaisant to me in your company;

yet painful to me at best is his conduct.

What could I say? How refuse a request so movingly urged? I promised to consider of it, and, if possible, would oblige her. But, ah! how can I endure to see my ungenerous guardian? How condescend, in publick, to hide my just resentment? I am distressed and irresolute, and must leave you, my dear *Charlotte*, with a mind undetermined.

Adieu.

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



L E T -

LETTER VIII.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss

CHARLOTTE LENOX.

OUR guests are come sooner than we expected; and now Lady *Stratton* will not hear of my going till they leave us. I must submit. I shall take care not to see Sir *John* in private, and in publick he dares not insult me with his guilty passion; so I the less regret staying in a place, which yet I shall be far more happy to quit, and look forward with impatience for that time.

I have wrote to my cousin, to inform her of my intended visit, though

I am far from relishing the thoughts of living with one, whose disposition is so ill suited to mine—But, where else can I go? For a young woman, like me, who am known to be of a gay disposition, to live without the protection of a guardian or relation, would be deemed imprudent; for *Custom*, as the poet says, is *severe to all, but most to woman-kind*; else should I, with a natural propensity to pleasure, be loth to bury myself in the country, for which place I never had any great passion. I wish it were possible for me to live with Lady *Essex*, who is a most amiable woman, and for whose agreeable daughter I already feel a partiality, which a longer acquaintance would ripen into friendship. She is two years younger than

than Lady *Stratton*, not quite so handsome, but of a more lively turn, and, consequently, more of my own disposition; yet I can never like her better than I do her sister. Why, alas! is not that charming woman more fortunate? How little is Sir *John* worthy of a treasure on which he sets so trifling a value? Had heaven thought fit to bless them with children, it might, perhaps, have been a means of reclaiming him. It is what Lady *Stratton* ardently wishes, and what Sir *John* murmurs for the want of, as his large estate must devolve to a very distant relation, if he dies without an heir.

I this morning gave a formal dismission to Mr. *Beaumont*. I am cured of my turn for coquetry, and now de-

termine to encourage no more dangers; for have I not reason to believe Sir *John* would not have presumed to treat me as he has done, had there not been some levity in my carriage that emboldened him? I really believe few women would meet with temptations of that kind, if their uncircumspect behaviour did not give hopes, which yet they may be far from wishing to encourage - But 'tis an excellent advice the Apostle gives, to avoid even the appearance of evil, and a true assertion, that a coquet often loses her reputation, while she preserves her virtue, and a prude her virtue, while she preserves her reputation.

I am got into a strange vein of moralizing to-day. My dear *Charlotte* will be apt to think I am turning
prude

prude myself, which would be as strange a metamorphosis as any in *Ovid*. But though not quite a prude, you will find a great alteration in me.

Poor Mr. *Beaumont*! I really pity him. How could I take pleasure in tormenting the sober youth! Upon my word he said a great many moving things to me this morning. I could almost have found in my heart to retain him in my service, he so eloquently pleaded for that favour. Yet, as I feel I cannot love him, I thought it the least recompence I could make for the groundless hopes I had so long suffered him to entertain, to give him an explicit answer, and so do all in my power to restore him to freedom. For the rest of my admirers I shall give

60 . *ELIZA: Or, the*

myself but little pain; I believe there is no great danger of their hanging, or drowning themselves, for my sake. I do not think any of them had a real passion for me but Mr. *Beaumont*, and for that reason he alone has any share in my esteem. In justice I must acknowledge he is an amiable man, but I feel not one spark of love for him. That passion is yet a stranger to my breast. Long may it remain so! Let my undivided heart be all dedicated to friendship. Keep your post, my dear *Charlotte*, let not the other sex intrude on your just prerogative. At present I am wholly

Yours,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.

LET

LETTER IX.

*Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss
CHARLOTTE LENOX.*

I HAD a narrow escape last night. Sir *John* watches every opportunity of speaking with me in private, and, by the assistance of my maid, had almost succeeded; but as I am always on my guard, I had the good fortune to frustrate their iniquitous scheme.

It is my general custom to spend some time in reading before I go to bed. Last night my servant saw me, as usual, take up a book before I dismissed her, but, contrary to her expectations,

pectations, I went, as soon as she was gone, to my closet, and locked the door, a precaution I had never used, but commonly sat in my dressing-room, 'till Sir *John* taught me circumspection. As the closet is only divided from the other by a slight partition, I was, soon after I sat down to my study, alarmed by a noise I heard in the adjacent apartment. I arose, and, looking through the key-hole, I perceived Sir *John* and my faithless maid were whispering to each other, and the latter pointing to where I was. I trembled with apprehension. The door being locked was a security, but to make it more so I immediately added to it by a strong bolt, and setting an armed chair with the back against it, flung myself into it almost breathless

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breathless with terror, and in that situation spent a very disagreeable night. The first thing I did this morning, was to dismiss my treacherous servant, who was ready to sink with confusion, when I upbraided her with her crime, and in vain knelt and wept for a pardon I refused to grant her.

This adventure has doubled my impatience to quit this place. Though cautious as I am, I have the less to fear, yet the tedious fortnight I am compelled to stay, will appear an age, though but for my tormentor it would be spent agreeably, in company with people of whom I every day grow fonder, particularly Miss *Essex*, who spares no pains to gain my friendship.

I am

I am continually studying how to make a proposal to Lady *Essex* of my living with her. Would she but consent to be my guardian, I should be happy. How much better would she fulfil that trust than my present ill-chosen one! — I think I will venture to hint my wishes to my new friend.

Artful seducer! I had this moment a letter delivered to me. The post mark being on it, and the direction in a hand I was unacquainted with, made me open it without scruple, but the contents too soon informed me from whom it came. If I had not broke the seal, I would have returned it to him, but now it is in vain, since he will, from that circumstance, believe I have read it, though, I assure you, I have hardly looked at the first
line.

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line. You may, if you please, read it all. I enclose it.—Adieu.

Yours, &c.

ELIZA GRANVILLE.

To Miss GRANVILLE.

‘ Last night, hurried on by my ill-
‘ fated passion, I attempted to intrude
‘ on your retirement, but heaven
‘ knows with no other intent than to
‘ breathe out a few mournful com-
‘ plaints at your feet, before you
‘ leave me, perhaps, for ever. To
‘ love you is my only crime, but this
‘ very love ought to banish your ap-
‘ prehensions; for could I, with a
‘ heart that adores you, that idolizes
‘ the very virtue that destroys its
‘ hopes; could I, I say, with such
sentiments

‘ sentiments as fill my breast, injure
‘ her I love more than my own
‘ soul?—Oh, *Eliza*, how little do you
‘ know me! I would sooner die than
‘ offend that purity, by the least un-
‘ warrantable freedom. No, my lovely
‘ tyrant, though I doat on you to
‘ madness, yet would the possession
‘ of your enchanting person, without
‘ your heart, but add to my misery.
‘ Could I communicate to it a flame
‘ like this I burn with—transporting
‘ thought!—Let me indulge it!—Oh,
‘ fortune, give me but my *Eliza* and
‘ take back all thy other gifts! Soften
‘ but her obdurate heart, teach me the
‘ persuasive art to warm her frozen
‘ breast, let me but for one hour call
‘ her mine, and I will give my life
‘ in exchange for the inestimable
‘ blessing!

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‘ blessing! Yes, I would die satisfied,
‘ could I but hear her whisper my
‘ departing soul—that she loved—
‘ would but her extended arms receive
‘ my breathless body, and she weep
‘ over the sacrifice I had made her.

‘ *Eliza*, my dear *Eliza*, what shall
‘ I say to you? Will nothing induce
‘ you to pity me? Could my pen
‘ describe what I feel, you surely would
‘ bestow one compassionate sigh on
‘ my wretchedness — alas! I flatter
‘ myself with delusive hopes! The
‘ insensible *Eliza* glories in her savage
‘ virtue, and detests the involuntary
‘ guilty *Stratton*! But beware, too
‘ lovely maid, lest, as a punishment
‘ for your cruelty, you should be
‘ taught to feel a hopeless passion,
‘ and learn by fatal experience what
‘ it

' it is to love and despair like me.
 ' Then you will be sensible, that
 ' honour, duty, and religion, are all
 ' too weak when opposed to the force
 ' of love.

' But will you leave me *Eliza*? Oh!
 ' stay, and I swear by heaven, as a
 ' recompence for the bare pleasure
 ' of seeing you, I will never more
 ' give utterance to my ill-fated passion,
 ' will stifle every emotion till the pain-
 ' ful concealment delivers you from
 ' any more persecution from the un-
 ' fortunate

' STRATTON.'



L E T-

LETTER X.

*Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss
CHARLOTTE LENOX.*

I HAVE hopes my wishes will be effectual. Lady *Essex* dropped some hints that I took care to improve in favour of my plan, and I am now determined to speak to Miss *Essex* the first favourable opportunity. Thank heaven we have but a few days longer to stay: It's well it is so, for Sir *John* begins to act with less circumspection than he used to do. I tremble, lest my friend should entertain any suspicion of his passion.—Oh! how miserable would such a discovery make her!

her! And might not I, too, be thought guilty?—a treacherous friend?— I shudder at the thought!

Mr. *Beaumont* dines with us to-day. He is quite melancholy. His eyes and frequent sighs gave Miss *Essex* (who took great notice of him) an opportunity of rallying me on having made so agreeable a conquest.

If you think him so, whispered I, I will willingly resign him to you.

I wish you could, answered she, smiling.

The conversation, in the evening, turned upon books, when one of the company asked Lady *Essex* if she had read the new *Eloisa*?

I don't know, said she, smiling; yet I believe, at my years, I may own I have, though young ladies are a little backward

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backward in acknowledging it, because, being uncommonly fond of Mr. *Rousseau's* writings, they even read the preface after perusing the book, unwilling to lose the least part of it, and there they, too late, find a caution against it; but, for my share, though I do not approve of novels, I think this abounds with excellent sentiments, though mixed with too many pernicious ones. It might, in my opinion, be rendered a very useful performance, were three or four letters excluded; I would then, without scruple, make it part of a daughter's library.

And would you, said Sir *John*, spoil that elegant performance by destroying its symmetry? Those letters you would exclude are, to me, the most masterly parts of it; for what are they but the genuine

genuine language of nature, the tender overflowings of a heart actuated by a passion, that was implanted in us to soften and harmonize our nature, and to make us capable of the generous feelings of humanity? I am persuaded that, without love, we should have been a world of savages, but where that noble passion warms the breast, I firmly believe every virtue will be its associate.

"You are an orator on the subject," said Lady *Essex*. "I hope you are no stranger to what you so feelingly commend, and I wish it may produce those happy effects you ascribe to it."

"We were talking of *Eloisa*," said he; "and is not she a proof of my assertion? for who ever loved like her? And was she not the best of wives, mothers, and friends?"

genuine

Why.

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Why, I don't know, answered my lady. Let us examine her a little.— In the first place, she married a man she did not like, nor can I find she ever did, even after their union, except you will allow it possible to love two objects at once ; for 'tis certain her first passion was never extinguished. I allow, in other respects, she discharged her duty to Mr. *Wolmar*, but would you, sir, reckon yours the best of wives were she to suffer another to possess her heart, or any part of it? I grant her the character of a good mother, but, as to friendship, she had not the most delicate idea of that passion, since, instead of preferring her *Clara's* interest to her own, she drew that young lady into a great many imprudent actions, while, for her sake,

she became a commodious go-between, and laying aside the strictness of her virtue, assisted in a shameful intrigue, refining, almost into a virtue, what should have excited her horror.

Oh! the outrageous virtue! exclaimed Sir *John*, with a smile; if I leave their cause to your management, they must, I find, expect no quarters: but permit me, more impartially, to state the case.—In the first place *Eloisa* loved, that surely was no crime—but then she yielded up her honour—but from what motive? As a glorious, generous sacrifice to save the life of the man who adored her.—Charming girl! that, to me, appears, without sophistry, a noble and uncommon stretch of virtue.

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Of virtue! cried Lady *Essex*, laughing; upon my word you have very diverting, singular ideas of that perfection. It will require more logick, I fear, than you are master of, to prove that to lose one's virtue, is but to retain it in a more eminent degree.

Yet, difficult as it appears to you, replied Sir *John*, I think I need not in this instance despair of the task—but we will first, if you please, define the nature of virtue. I know that amongst your sex it is generally thought to consist in one point, viz. to continue virgins, till a few magical words, a kind of charm mumbled over by a fellow in a black gown and cassock, sanctifies, in your opinion, an action that, though in fact the same, is supposed to assume

a different nature from his benediction. Now tell me, good madam, did you become an object of contempt or horror, after you ceased to be a virgin? Was you not rather congratulated on the change? Yet what difference was there between *Eloisa* and you, except neglecting this said ceremony? Now ceremonies have ever been deemed un-essential. You see, in divine worship, how often they have been changed; nay, some sects have entirely abolished them; and yet, we dare not be so un-charitable as to suppose their praise is the less acceptable for the want of these outward trappings, which cannot alter the specifick nature of an action.

Oh, no more of your sophistry, cried
Lady *Essex*.

Nay,

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Nay, but hear me out, said he; permit me to ask you another question—Did you feel your nature more perverted *after* than *before* marriage?

Poh, no, to be sure, said she; but what then?

What then? answered he; then why should *Eloisa*, after the sacrifice she made to love?—But how hard a matter is it to divest one's self of the prejudice of education! In *England* we shudder at what is called adultery.

Or at least ought, interrupted Lady *Essex*.

Well, be it so, said Sir *John*; yet in *Persia*, guided by the laws of nature, they, without scruple, indulge themselves in a plurality of wives—Nay, even amongst the *Jews*, the pious *David*, for example, had his seraglio, nor

do we find he was ever reprov'd by heaven for it; and if it was no crime then, it must still be innocent, for morality is invariably the same in all ages, however customs may differ.

If these are your pious sentiments, said Lady Stratton, I advise you to turn *Mahometan* as soon as possible.

A good advice, my dear, said he; I only waited for your consent. If you have no objections, I am sure I can have none. But I fear, my lady, you free-born *English* women would but ill relish the manners of the *Persians*. Your education, and the sovereignty we well-bred *Britons* have allowed you to usurp, have made such an innovation a little difficult.

Our sovereignty, said I, smiling, is not much to be boasted of, in my opinion;

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nion; short at best is our reigns; youth and beauty are our only claims to it; and if we are so weak as to yield to the fetters of matrimony, then farewell to freedom and dominion. Then is your turn to exercise authority, and we fatally find that, in spite of your boasted good breeding, none are greater tyrants than you *Britons*.

Well, then, my fair *Eliza*, said he, casting a tender look at me; to make marriages more happy, suppose we get a bill passed to authorize divorces in the manner they were permitted formerly, when it was but setting pen to paper, and delivering the tender *billet-doux* into each other's hand, and then, freedom was the word? This would deliver us from the necessity of dragging on an insipid life with a person

that is become indifferent to us; then each might chuse a new mate, and so change about till they found that kindred soul that was formed for them in heaven; for you know, I suppose, that we were all made in pairs, but scattered promiscuously over the face of the earth? For this reason all ought to be very cautious how they make their choice, lest they should blunder upon the wrong object; and then, but for such mistakes, every married pair, which were thus coupled above, would lead the life of angels here below.

It is well then, said Lady *Effex*, that those said well-matched souls so seldom meet, or they would, by your account, forget this life was a state of probation, and aspire to no better.

That

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That is, indeed, replied he, a very pious objection; but yet, my lady, I fancy you would find but few consciences so scrupulous but that they would venture to try the experiment. This talking of divorces puts me in mind of what I was this morning reading in the *Persian* letters.

It is incredible, says that ingenious author, what bad effects the prohibiting divorces has had. It not only divests matrimony of happiness, but really renders it a state of misery. In endeavouring to ensure an union, you take the most likely method to destroy it; for, instead of uniting the hearts, as is pretended, you separate them for ever. In an action that ought to be so free, and wherein the

heart has so great a share, they put a kind of necessity as fatal as destiny. Not considering the caprice, the disgust, the unsociability of humours, they would fix the heart, that is to say, the most variable, inconstant thing in nature. They bind together, without mercy, without hopes of freedom, two people, generally ill paired. It is acting like those tyrants who cruelly cause the dead to be tied to the living; whereas, nothing contributes more to a mutual attachment, than a power of parting when they please. A man and wife would patiently bear the troubles of matrimony, when they knew themselves at liberty to separate; and, I dare say, they might be possessed of this privilege all their lives without making use of it, from
the

the sole consideration that it was in their power.

And what, interrupted Lady *Essex*, would you infer from this learned dissertation? I hope, Sir *John*, you have rather been attempting to shew your wit, by endeavouring to support the wrong side of an argument, than speaking your real sentiments; sentiments that I think libertine. What say you ladies?

Oh, I stand corrected, cried he; no need of other censurers, your disapprobation is sufficient to make me recant; but, I don't know how, I was insensibly led to flourish away on the subject of divorces. I have lost the thread of my argument in favour of *Eloisa*, by it; but, to make her some amends, I declare there is not one

action of her life but what I approve of, and should adore a woman of her refined sentiments, a woman who, like her, could love with ardour, in spite of every obstacle. He looked at me with expression in his eyes while he spoke.—I hope my countenance testified some part of my resentment.

And would you then, resumed Lady *Essex*, chuse to have a daughter or sister act in that manner?

Yes, positively, answered he, provided they had all her good qualities to counterballance what you call her *faux pas*. My lady shrugged up her shoulders.

A very uncommon way of thinking yours, it must be owned, said she; I would not wish you to have the educating of a child of mine, since I should expect

expect you to make much such a tutor as your heroine had.

There seems little danger of my being put to the tryal, said he, looking at his lady, or I should not despair of executing the task to your satisfaction.

I am interrupted, my dear *Charlotte*; a young person waits to speak with me, one that is recommended as a servant. I hope she will prove more worthy than my last.

Adieu.

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



L E T.

LETTER XI.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss
CHARLOTTE LENOX.

I HAVE hired the young woman, and am much pleased with her appearance. She is very handsome, was, it seems, born with more happy prospects, and has received a genteel education. How happy am I that it is in my power to make her situation easy! It shall be my study to render her servitude as light as possible. How much do I pity a young woman, well born, who is obliged to condescend to that station; I think every lady of fortune

fortune should seek for such to be about her person, and not suffer that post to be filled by common servants, but reserve it for gentlewomen, who, when reduced by misfortunes, have but too few methods of maintaining themselves; and were this observed, to wait on a lady would be a less humiliating situation than now, when all sorts of persons are promiscuously admitted to that office. Nor would it only be an advantage to them, but to ourselves, since, surely, 'tis of some consequence who we chuse for that employment; as an abigail, if not incorruptible, has a thousand opportunities of injuring one; and young ladies often suffer more than is imagined from their artifice, as they are generally honoured with some share of confidence.

dence. How much does it put it in their power to aid a lover or seducer! But a girl who has been well educated, will generally have too much pride, as well as honour, to be bribed, especially if we treat her as we ought, without haughtiness or troublesome caprice: but there is no trusting to a meer mercenary creature, who, from her narrow notions, and uncultivated mind, is incapable of gratitude, and actuated only by selfish motives. My *Lucy* will, I hope, answer my expectations, which are greatly in her favour.

The affair is settled; I have spoke to Miss *Essex*, she joyfully received the proposal of my going to R—— with my lady and her, and gave me great pleasure by assuring me it was what she

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she had wished for from the first moment of our acquaintance, and that her mother had frequently talked of making the proposal, but did not know it would be agreeable.

You may believe, my dear *Charlotte*, this has made me very happy. We shall set out in a day or two. I hope Sir *John* will not flame out on the occasion; yet I have some apprehensions, for he seems daily less careful of preserving appearances. Heaven send me fairly out of his reach!

Do you know I have a shrewd suspicion that Miss *Essex* has entertained a passion for Mr. *Beaumont*? and he too seems pleased with her lively and agreeable conversation. What will be the end of it I don't know, but, sincerely wish it may be a match, as
he

90 ELIZA: Or, the

he is, as I have before told you, a very amiable man, and has a noble fortune. I believe Lady *Essex* would be pleased with the alliance. She speaks highly in his favour, and has even invited him to take her house in his way to B——, where he talks of spending some part of the summer. You may believe he made no objections to the proposal, though whether on mine or her daughter's account time will determine, but I hope the latter.

That gay trifler Sir *Harry Townsend* drank tea with us last night, and pestered me with compliments and soft speeches, as he thought them, on my intended departure. He threatens to follow me though I fly to the farthest corner.

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corner of the globe. — I'll trust him for that. A few weeks absence will, I doubt not, divert him from the tour.

I have not seen Mr. *Ramsay* this long time. He is, as Sir *Harry* tells me, continually crowding at auctions, in order to compleat his collection of medals. An odd mortal! 'Tis a much more suitable employment for him than the pursuit of a wife.

Now, my dear *Charlotte*, I have a request to make. You have long promised me a visit, I have talked of you to my new friend, and even taken the liberty (you will pardon me) of showing her some of your sensible letters. She desires me to present her respects, and to assure you, that though she has not yet the honour of your acquaintance

quaintance she impatiently longs for that happiness. — So come, my dear creature, oblige me with your company for a few weeks at R—, and complete the agreeable society I shall there enjoy.

I have wrote to my cousin to excuse myself from my promised visit. Thank heaven I am going on a more pleasing journey!

But come to me, *Charlotte*, and let me assure you in person, of that friendship that will ever make me sincerely

Yours,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



LET-

LETTER XII.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss

CHARLOTTE LENOX.

I AM safely arrived at the end of my journey; pleased with my new friends, and no less so with their habitation, which is a noble old mansion, a little in the gothick taste, but it has, nevertheless, an air of grandeur, that perhaps, a more modern building would be deficient in. 'Tis elegantly furnished, and with a richness suitable to the large estate of its owner. The country round is so romantick, that a poet would describe it with rapture. The parks and gardens are large, and kept

kept in delightful order. So much for my habitation. — Now a word or two for the family I have quitted.

As the time approached for my departure, Sir *John's* countenance, with uncautious freedom, testified his sorrow. He became grave, absent, and even suffered frequent sighs to escape him, while his eyes spoke so intelligible a language, that I trembled lest his lady should understand them; but her attention to our guests so much engrossed her, that I hope she escaped the painful suspicion. He watched, with uncommon assiduity, an opportunity of speaking to me in private, which you may believe I as cautiously avoided.

The evening before our departure, while the rest of the company were engaged at cards, from which he had
taken

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taken care to excuse himself, as he knew I seldom played, he joined me, as I sat at some distance from the party.

Eliza, said he, taking my hand, as I arose to leave him—dear *Eliza*, condescend to hear me a few minutes. Surely you would carry your rigid virtue too far, to refuse this small, this last favour, I shall, perhaps, ever have an opportunity of receiving from you.

What would you say to me? cried I; you know I ought not to listen to you on the subject I fear you intend to entertain me with.

Ah! why not listen? said he; why refuse your pity to the unhappy *Stratton*, who adores you? whose love, tho' the most fervent that ever warmed the breast of man, has yet never presumed

to

to forfeit the respect your too cruel
virtue merits.

No! answered I, what then am I
to think of your daring to talk to me
of your guilty passion?

Guilty! cried he, with emotion;
Ah! does it deserve that name?
Where is the crime—

I will not listen to you, interrupted
I. You would pervert my judgment;
but heaven forbid I should ever cease
to look on adultery but with horror!
Let me go, sir, added I, striving to
disengage my hand, let me fly from
your dangerous conversation.

Alas! *Eliza*, said he, sighing; how
little have you to fear, armed as you
are with insensibility! Oh! how I am
humbled by that mortifying disdain
that darts from your charming eyes!

Yet,

Yet, withdraw not their beams, tho' they consume me by the flame they augment. Could I but see one ray of softness stealing from them, added he, gazing at me; one involuntary symptom of a dawning tenderness!——He sighed, pressed my hand between his, and continued silent. I blushed with indignation, and left him, in spite of his efforts to detain me, placing myself behind his lady's chair. The seducer took his stand opposite, and kept his eyes so constantly fixed on me, that I was forced to employ mine, disagreeably enough, in observing the game, till at last, quite weary of restraint, I took up a book, but sat close to the rest of the company. He asked me what was the subject of my study? It happened to be the *Travels of Cyrus*.

Permit me, said he, taking the book, to point you out one part of it, which I think particularly worthy your attention.—It was the story of *Rbetea*—You will there see, added he, in a low voice, returning it to me, the force of love.

But more the force of friendship, answered I.

True, said he ; but the latter part is much inferior to the beginning; the first is nature, but the conclusion is romantic and inconsistent.

I have no inclination to argue the point with you, said I, though I am almost certain of the victory ; however, I will give it a second perusal, as I remember I was much pleased with it at the first reading. Now think of the wretch's artifice.

I no

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I no sooner retired to my apartment, but I took up my book, when, in the first leaf of it, I found a letter, which he had taken that method of conveying to me, as he knew I would not receive one any other way; however, he reaped no benefit from it, as I never opened it.—I rejoiced that I should so soon be delivered from his persecution—from his temptations, I may say—for, to do him justice, he is possessed of a too fatal share of seducing charms.

I took an affectionate leave of Lady Stratton, who has promised to correspond with me. Sir John did not make his appearance till we were getting into the coach, there he bid adieu to Lady Essex and her daughter; but when it came to my turn, and he

took my hand to put me into the carriage, I felt him tremble, he turned pale, attempted to bid me farewell, but his speech faultered, and he was obliged to leave me very abruptly.

Miss *Essex* has just left me. She joins her entreaties to mine, in order to prevail on you to hasten your visit. Come, then, *Charlotte*, for you will be delighted with this amiable family.

Adieu.

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



L E T.

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LETTER XIII.

*Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Lady
LOUISA STRATTON.*

YOU are mistaken, my dear lady:
I begin to have a relish for the
country, and am pleased with its, once
to me, insipid amusements. I am be-
come a great walker, and now find it
is possible for a fine lady to transport
herself from place to place, without
the fashionable assistance of a coach or
a chair. Our modern belles seem to
be of the opinion of the philosopher
who denied motion; nor will they
(like him who made no other answer

when the point was asserted) be at the trouble of refuting this opinion, by getting up and walking.

I am twice as handsome as I was when in town, and that, by the bye, is, perhaps, the principal reason of my fondness for the country; for who would not doat on any thing that promotes that darling idol of our sex, beauty?—But then it may be asked, of what consequence is one's charms, where there are no pretty fellows to flatter, or rivals to envy?—Why, that's true, and, therefore, since those blessings, a crowd and fresh air, are not to be enjoyed at once, it is the less wonder that, of two evils, the fair ones should chuse the least, and rather submit to part with their bloom, which art can, in some measure, supply, than
to

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to lose the dear transporting pleasure of exhibiting their persons in publick, or forfeiting the delights of quadrille and ombre.

I take great pleasure in conversing with the simple villagers, and am pleased with nature in its simplicity. I question the blooming lasses about their employment, and, sometimes, talk of their sweethearts, highly diverted at their blushing, unaffected answers. They are vastly pleased at the notice I take of them, and Madam *Granville* is said to be the best naturedest, most freest, condescendingest lady that, to be sure, ever was seen, for she will talk to one, say they, and joke, aye, for all the world, as civilly as if one was her equal. So you find I have still my admirers, though of a

different rank from those I have quitted. Amongst these are some very pretty maidens, and swains too, who, I assure you, would, as to person, make no contemptible figure, if a little polished, even in a side-box; and though now rude as from the hands of nature, they yet can both feel and communicate the tender passions;

For love, the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,

is, perhaps, the more powerfully persuasive, because urged with only the simple, genuine language of nature, unadulterated by a mixture of art.

'Tis a remark I have somewhere read, that, considering their temptations and education, 'tis almost a wonder that any country girl should be
virtuous.

virtuous. Indeed, there is some merit in their chastity, as they are greatly more exposed than people in the world; these act under a restraint, and are secured by the fear of infamy, and the eyes of a crowd that are fixed on their actions, but in the country the two sexes have a thousand opportunities of being together in private, nay, must often unavoidably be so. What is there, then, to curb their passions, while youth and love are armed against them? What have they to lose? Obscure and unambitious, their lot is too humble to have that "pride, that oft keeps men, and women too, from falling." Nothing, then, in my opinion, but a great share of religion, can preserve them; and where that is, one may depend on their virtue.

I was led to these reflections, by observing from the windows, a number of lads and lasses (this being a holy-day) tripping, arm in arm, across the plain, and who, untaught by education the necessary punctilios they ought to observe with the male creatures, permit liberties which, if not criminal, are yet too apt to lead to such as are so.—But enough of the country.

Now, though reluctantly, I must take notice of that part of your dear letter, where you so movingly complain of the encreasing coolness of a husband, so little worthy of your charms. Oh, my beloved friend, how much do I sympathize in your sorrow!—but what, alas! is my fruitless pity?—You condescend to ask my advice, what is most likely to reclaim him? how unequal,
my

my dear Lady Stratton, am I to the task of directing your better judgment! All I can say on the subject is, that, were I in your place, I could not chuse a more amiable, prudent conduct than what you now practice, only—but forgive my freedom—I should be more cautious of reproaching him for his neglect, more proud than to seem to observe it; perhaps, too, I might add a little affected coolness, a seeming decrease of affection for him, as, you know, we seldom set a just value on the blessings we enjoy, till deprived, or in danger of losing them. Perhaps, such a conduct might awaken his attention, as his vanity, of which I believe you are sensible he has no small share, would be alarmed, when he finds himself threatened with the loss of a

F 6

heart,

heart, which, while you give him no reason to doubt the possession of, he is at the less pains to retain.—But it is a delicate point, and I fear to mislead, instead of extricating you out of your difficulties. May heaven, my dear friend, who only can guide you right, be your director.

Your amiable sister waits for my letter, which she is to enclose in her cover; I must therefore leave off sooner than I could wish; for, believe me, I take great pleasure in conversing with you, and am, with perfect sincerity,

Your Ladyship's friend,

And Humble Servant,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.

L E T.

LETTER XIV.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss
CHARLOTTE LENOX.

SO, you wont come? Very well,
Charlotte — yet the reasons you
give—well, for a few weeks longer, I
give you leave of absence, but after
that beware how you trespass on my
patience.

You say your cousin, *Miss Temple*,
is with you, that you have laid your
heads together to consult about orna-
ments, with the unchristian design of
killing all the country beaux, who,
little dreaming of the melancholy
fate that awaits them, are to flourish
away

away in their holyday cloaths at the approaching races — Success attend you. I do not envy you. We too have balls, and in high taste, I assure you—rural balls. I never was more entertained than at one of them, to which, in company of Miss *Essex*, I went last night uninvited, by way of a frolick. The outside of the assembly room might not improperly be called a hut, but that it would be a kind of sinking in stile to give what was appropriated to such an use, so humble a name. The inside was not more spacious, nor adorned with painting, gilding or glasses; the native walls appeared in their primitive simplicity, except where they were here and there ornamented with old ditties, such as the *Oxford Garland*, or the

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Babes in the wood, that the understanding might be improved while the eye was entertained. Then, by way of testifying the loyalty of its inhabitants, in the most conspicuous view were hung up a few grinning faces, adorned with spacious perriwigs, exhibiting to the spectators the renowned King of *Prussia*, and the brave Duke *William*, for such the label at the bottom gave us to understand they were intended. No luminous branches supplied the place of day, but a few taper lights, fastened to the wall by their own substance, just enough dimly to distinguish objects, supplied their place; so that when these said tapers wanted snuffing, which was frequently the case, the good folks found their ball converted into a kind

kind of blind man's buff, and were forced to grope out their partners the best way they could; but as most of them were paired with their sweet-hearts, a sort of instinct served to direct them to each other as effectually as more light would have done. Upon my word they footed it away with all their might, inasmuch that I wished heartily for a well-scented beau to fling in amongst them, by way of sweetening the air; yet, I dare say, the good people themselves preferred the natural effluvia to all the spices of *Arabia*. So powerful is custom, and so diversified our ideas of pleasure and pain.

Let not the *beau monde* boast of its refinement on luxury; for, after all, are they more happy than those

blind

harmless

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harmless villagers, whose passions are equally gratified with their unexpensive, simple amusements, as ours are with all our study and profusion? I dare say, the heart of a belle beats not with more joyful emotions, while preparing for a birth-night, than that of a country maiden, who, with her bead-necklace and cherry-coloured ribbon, adorns herself to meet her favourite *Colin* at a wake. We exhaust our passions, by trying to screw them to too high a pitch; so that, by ever aiming at exquisite pleasure, we become insensible to gratifications that, perhaps, are only in our power. We are taught, by a false refinement, to aspire to joys too perfect to be hoped for in this world, and, consequently, by neglecting those within
our

our reach as too trifling, are reduced to pass a life of insipidity and disappointment. There is a kind of epicurism in self-denial; we ought never to drink of pleasure to satiate, but artfully check ourselves, that we may still have something left to wish, and to enjoy. For that reason I think a lover pleads against himself, when he sues for the last favour from his mistress, since he will find the short-lived transport but a bad exchange for the pleasure of hoping, wishing, and all the pleasing pains of that passion which cease when he has nothing more to ask.

What a collection of sentiments are here flourished out!—Why, *Charlotte*, what whim has seized me now? Should you

you know me again by my letters? I protest I improve mightily by this retirement. I did not think I could reason so methodically. But now I will tell you the consequence. You open my epistle as usual, expecting to find some wonderful adventures, some new lover described—but, behold, instead of these, a homily, a kind of sleepy sermon, upon which—There, Miss *Temple*, you cry—do finish that stupid letter, while I am more agreeably as well as usefully employed, in finishing my cap. I don't know what is the matter with *Eliza*, but she is not half so entertaining a correspondent as she used to be.—Patience, my dear, I will make you amends in my next, for we expect Mr. *Beaumont* in a few

few days, and then for love adventures
and all that. Adieu for the present;
my compliments to your fair cousin,
and believe me,

Yours,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



LET

LETTER XV.

*Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss
HARRIOT TEMPLE.*

YES, my dear *Harriot*, you shall have fifty letters, if you think them a sufficient recompence for the favour you have conferred on me. You are a sweet creature, I doat on you for staying with your aunt, that she might grant me the favour of *Charlotte's* company. I am so grateful, that, I assure you, I have been puzzling my brains how to make you a return. Once I had thoughts of franking the heart of one of my admirers, (franking, I say; for I am sure it would not be worth

worth the postage) and sending it to you as a present, but then I considered, these kind of toys are a mere drug with you, who are already overstocked with them; but Mr. *Beaumont's*, I thought, might not be deemed unworthy your acceptance, as he is a good pretty fellow I assure you, but, behold, while I deliberated—you know what is said on that head—though that speech was not literally verified, for I was not lost, but what is almost as bad, my lover is to me. Now I could, with great generosity, have made a present of him, but to dispose of himself, without my permission, without so much as with your leave, or by your leave—Was there ever such rudeness? But the little sly *Charlotte*, with her pretty arch smiles, and dimpled cheek, has done the

the deed. What punishment does she not deserve for such a breach of friendship? 'Tis true, I had given the man a formal dismissal, in an over-generous fit, but, what then?—Was he to be so quick in his motions?—a naturally deliberate soul too!—Who could have thought he would have served me so? Could he not have had patience to wait the turn of my humour? But I am rightly served—Over-scrupulous, forsooth!—would not encourage dangles! A poor figure I should make, were I to persevere in this old-fashioned virtue—not a single beau to bless myself with.

As you sometimes take the trouble of reading the letters I send to *Charlotte*, you may remember, I hinted at a dawning passion I observed in Miss
Essex

Essex for this said Mr. Beaumont: he was therefore extremely well received by the family, at the commencement of his visit, but it was soon visible that I was still the object of his pursuit, and that the pleasure of seeing me was the principal motive for his coming to R——. He took every opportunity of urging his suit, but I as often declared I found my heart insensible to warmer sentiments than those of esteem.— Things remained in this situation till the arrival of my friend, when, behold, my perjured swain became, all on a sudden, remiss in his assiduities to me, and had neither eyes nor ears but for that little syren. If we walk out, he is sure to post himself next her, nor is any of us so carefully helped to scramble over gates and stiles. Miss

Essex

Essex and I may break our necks for him, but to *Charlotte*, it is—Take care ; dear Miss *Lenox*, do me the favour to make use of my arm. And then they are both eagerly extended to receive his lovely burthen, and our smiling friend receives his assistance with no bad grace, I assure you.—Aye, you may blush, and cry fye ! as much as you please, it is true, for all that. *Charlotte* declares there is not a word of truth in what I tell you, but do not believe the little hypocrite, for I swear it is gospel.

She played on the guittar, at his request, this morning. You know what execution she has on that instrument. The man was in raptures. Poor Miss *Essex* and I were, as you may imagine, in the dumps, for there was nothing

to be heard, but charming Miss *Lenox* ! Oh, you ravish me with your delightful harmony !—and then the creature was to become her scholar, and down he sat by her, took the instrument, but his eyes were so engaged in gazing on her face that he profited little by her instructions. He repaid her lessons with soft speeches, for such I suppose they were, by her blushing, and so soon leaving him, with a pretty bashful air, and joining Miss *Essex* and me, poor forsaken nymph ! who sat at work near the window. He followed her, but first fervently kiss'd the guittar, which he placed on a table.

Dear creature ! I heartily wish it may be a match. I am sure your aunt would approve of her son-in-law, for he is a very agreeable man, and, what

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what a parent generally likes much better, has a very agreeable estate. The generous Miss *Essex*, though deprived of a heart she earnestly aspired to the possession of, has not the less friendship for your cousin, but treats her with the greatest confidence and good humour, which, in my opinion, is no small piece of self-denial, as, I really believe, she loved him more than she cared to own, even to me, to whom she, in other respects, never observes the least reserve. Her mother is more visibly displeased on the occasion, and mixes a kind of coolness with her politeness to *Charlotte*, which does not escape the notice of my friend. She has talked to me upon it, and even proposed leaving us, but I strenuously insisted on the

contrary, since, I am sure, it will wear off. Lady *Essex* has too much good sense, when she reflects coolly on the injustice of her behaviour, not to get the better of a resentment so ill founded, for she is an excellent woman in the main, but had too sanguinely formed hopes in favour of a daughter she loves with uncommon tenderness, and now is peevish at her disappointment.

I wish you were here, my dear *Harriot*. We really spend our time agreeably, nor is it the less so for the company of our *Charlotte's* admirer. A mixture of sexes makes society the more lively. Mr. *Beaumont* is continually inventing some new amusement for us, the man's as sprightly again as he used to be. See what it is to meet with encouragement!

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ment ! Had he appeared to such advantage some time ago, I question—but it is now too late.

Adieu, my dear Miss *Temple*. I have received a summons to attend the company. We are going upon a party of pleasure. Compliments to Mrs. *Lenox*, and believe me ever

Yours,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



G 3

LET

LETTER XVI.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss
HARRIOT TEMPLE.

CHARLOTTE has, no doubt, informed you, my dear *Harriot*, that an unfortunate sprain in my wrist has thus long put a stop to our correspondence. It has forced me to run in arrears to all my friends, and now I shall be obliged to scribble for a month to acquit myself of all my debts.

In the first place, then, let me clear accounts with my dear *Miss Temple*, though I have hardly spirits to write,
for

for my ever amiable *Charlotte* leaves us to-morrow ; that too will oblige me to shorten my epistle, since I am unwilling to lose a moment of her company for the short time I can enjoy it, and am, besides, desirous to leave her something to entertain you with when she sees you ; for that reason I shall be the less particular in what passes here, except on one subject, on which she will, perhaps, be a little reserved ; I mean in regard to Mr. *Beaumont*. The affair is half settled ; he no longer makes a secret of his passion for her, nor does our friend testify any disapprobation of his suit. She has even owned to me (but you, who know her humour, may guess with what caution) She is not insensible of his merit, and if her mama approves—she stop'd,

blush'd, nor could I get a word more from her on the subject. Whether she is more open-hearted to her admirer or not, I don't know, but they have had frequent private conversations together, and by the serenity that appears in his eyes, and the unusual sprightliness of his conversation, I guess she has given him no reason to despair; so, if no unforeseen obstacle intervenes to prevent their union, I hope we shall soon wish her joy as Mrs. Beaumont. He would fain have gained her permission to escort her home, but the little prude would not consent, so he is forced to be satisfied with leave to accompany her a few miles, together with Miss *Essex* and me, who are to be of the party. But though he does not attend

attend her at present, you may lay your account with a very early visit from him, and I give you my word you will see a very agreeable man. But do not take it into your head to coquet with him, for *Charlotte* has him all to nothing, and besides, the wretch has dared, even in my presence, to express his disapprobation of that character. I believe the principal charm he admires in *Charlotte* is her pretty bashful timidity, which, I must own, I think, in her at least, is extremely becoming, and does sooner insinuate itself into the heart than wit and vivacity. Yet the man once liked me—for what, I wonder, since we are such opposite characters? Unaccountable creatures are we mortals!—though it is common to go from one extreme to another.

Adieu, my dear *Harriot*, I see *Charlotte* walking in the park. Excuse me, that I leave you so abruptly to join a friend I must, alas! so soon part with.

Yours, sincerely,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



LET-

LETTER XVII.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss
CHARLOTTE LENOX.

• **H**OW much do I miss you, my dearest *Charlotte*! This place has lost half its charms since you left it. I have received two other letters from my tormentor, but I have punctually followed your wise instructions not to let a curiosity, which might justly be called criminal, prevail on me to read one line of them. I returned them in blank covers to the writer, and hope he will at length be convinced, his iniquitous designs are fruitless. Lady

Stratton writes me melancholy accounts of his negligent behaviour to her, and says, she is almost constantly in tears, for, in spite of her pride, her passion for him is undiminished.— Do you not pity her?

Oh! heavens! *Charlotte*, what will become of me! The vile man is this moment alighted from his chariot. How I am agitated at the unexpected sight of him!

Sure lady *Essex* knew nothing of his intending her a visit, or she would have mentioned it! Would she had, that I might have taken the precaution to avoid him, but he was too artful to suffer me to escape. I tremble with apprehension, for what have I not to fear from such an ungovernable passion

passion as his? Heaven protect me from his snares!

I arose to dress, but sat down again to my pen. I will see him just as I am, unadorned; for ought I not, as much as is in my power, to avoid inflaming his guilty love? Yet who, of our sex, does not experience a reluctance to appear before the other, without every advantage she can give her person? If my mind was tranquil enough for moralizing, I could say a great deal on this faulty vanity. Too true is, I fear, the assertion, that the last sigh of a pretty woman is for the loss of her beauty.

But, oh this vile Sir *John*! How shall I behave to keep his passion within bounds?

Miss

Miss *Essex* has just left me ; she came running to inform me my guardian was come and impatient to see me. Little does she suspect how disagreeable a visitor he is—but I must go, lest they should be surprized at my backwardness to welcome their guest, whom, if he had behaved suitably to the trust reposed in him, I should have look'd upon as a kind of father. Was it not a little imprudent to chuse so young, so gay a man for my guardian ? Yet, as he was married, who would have suspected any danger ?—I must go, however reluctantly.—Adieu, dear *Charlotte*—Ever

Yours,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss
CHARLOTTE LENOX.

I NEVER, my dear *Charlotte*, saw any creature so altered as Sir *John* is. Upon my word I should hardly have known him again, he is so thin, so pale, and looks so dejected. Did this change proceed from any other cause, it would excite my pity, and even now, I cannot but wish it was in my power to restore his tranquillity.—Yet is there nothing criminal in this involuntary compassion?—No, my friend, I hope it is not in his power to weaken my virtue,

virtue, though his altered looks give a too convincing proof of the sincerity of his love for me—but when I consider the circumstances that attend this love, my breast is steeled against him, and the more violent his passion, the more horror I conceive, remembering that it is criminal.

When he first saw me, he could scarce check his emotions, and I felt his hand tremble as he led me to a seat; so did his lips when he paid his compliments to me. I avoided looking at him as much as possible, and chose to talk of his lady, a subject he seemed but little pleased with, though obliged to answer me. You may believe, I took no notice of his altered looks, and was vexed when Lady Essex asked, if I did not think my guardian

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dian much changed since I saw him last, as it gave him an opportunity of glancing some very significant looks at me, by way of explaining the cause of his illness.

He told my lady, that the physicians advised him to try the air of the country for his recovery; and that, madam, said he, next to the pleasure of seeing you and your family, is the motive of my present visit: I already feel, continued he, looking at me, that I shall be better here than in town.

I do not doubt but you will, answered she, you see what an improvement it has made on your ward. Did you ever see her look so well?

No, upon my honour, said he, (approaching me by way of being the better judge) it is extremely confide-
rate

rate in my fair *Eliza* to keep herself concealed, which only could prevent the destruction her daily improving charms would cause in the world.

Oh, pray no flattery, cry'd I, for I not only acquire a bloom in the country, but have learnt some of the innocent simplicity of its inhabitants, and am, therefore, but ill qualified to answer your courtly speech.

I took up my work to avoid meeting his eyes, which were stedfastly fixed on my face.

But why am I so minute on this subject? You may easily form to yourself, my dear *Charlotte*, an idea of his, behaviour, from the knowledge you have of his character.—Would he were a thousand miles off!—Shall I never be free from his persecution?

You

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You are reserved, my dear friend ; does my frankness merit such a return ? Why do you not talk to me of Mr. *Beaumont* ? Need you blush to own a passion so pure, so laudable as yours ?

You will receive a letter from Miss *Essex* by the same post. She will give you a detail of all our little amusements since you left us.

Adieu, my dearest *Charlotte*, believe me ever

Yours,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to *Miss*
CHARLOTTE LENOX.

THE horrid man! How he has
terrified me!

Since he came I have taken the precaution to make my maid lie in a closet adjoining to my apartment, not daring to trust myself alone in this great rambling house, as my room is at a great distance from the rest of the family. But what difficulties will not his resolute passions conquer!

I was hardly in bed, last night, when I heard somebody treading softly in
my

my apartment, and, by the light, which I always burn, I too soon discovered it to be Sir *John*. Oh, who can describe what I felt at that moment! I uttered a loud scream—he approached my bed.

Do not be alarmed, adorable *Eliza*, said he—I swear, by heaven, I will do you no injury.—I yesterday received a cursed letter, that will oblige me to leave the country in the morning, but I could not prevail on myself to quit this place without the freedom of a few moments conversation with my charmer.

I made him no answer but kept pulling my bell with great violence.

Compose yourself, my angel, cry'd he, kneeling; by my soul, I will continue in this posture, at this painful distance,

distance, till you permit me to rise.—
 Why then those needless fears? Your
 bell is useless, and for some hours your
 maid is incapable of hearing you; but
 though I took these precautions, my
 behaviour shall convince you they
 were not done with any design to
 offend your cruel virtue.

Leave me then, sir, cry'd I, with
 emotion; for to what purpose should
 you continue to alarm and persecute
 me, since I will die rather than en-
 courage your hateful passion.

Hateful! said he, in a resolute voice;
 oh! beware, my lovely torment, lest
 you drive me to extremity. *He arose*
 and drew nearer.

Is it thus, said I, trembling, and al-
 most breathless, is it thus you keep
 your promise?

He

He made no answer, but stood gazing at me with looks that added to my terror. Not daring to move, I raised my eyes to heaven for protection. After continuing a few moments silent, he walk'd about the room in great agitation, then returning to me again, took up some parts of my dress and eagerly kiss'd them, uttered a deep sigh, pulled out his handkerchief, and again traversed the room.—Judge of my dreadful situation!—He at last cast himself by the side of my bed.

Now hear me, my *Eliza*, said he—
hear me with patience. I cannot live without you, but I disdain to have recourse to force, where your heart is the object of my pursuit. Your affections are disengaged; never, my angel, will you meet with a lover who adores you

as I do. Oh! then, let your gentleness, let nature, that would plead for me, if you would permit it to be heard, get the better of a cruel prejudice, a false idea of an action, which, if you will but listen to me, I can prove to be innocent. How many examples are there of people who have justly thought it no crime to love in our situation? I attempted to interrupt him. Hear me out, said he; as you would wish me to restrain my almost ungovernable passion within bounds, do not drive me to distraction, lest I forget what I owe both myself and you. Hear a proposal I have to make, without that provoking scorn, that will render me no longer master of my actions.—I would fly with you, adorable *Eliza*! I would

I would quit my native country for ever, possessing all I wish for in you. I will sell my estate, that and your own shall be wholly in your power. I will owe every thing to your bounty, my life, my happiness, my fortune. Oh! for your own sake, hide your resentment, continued he, gazing at me; I see it begin to flash from your eyes. Think not I insult you by this proposal; fettered as I am, what other is in my power? But were I single, yet would not marriage, that foe to love, be half so endearing an union as this I sue for.

Have you done, sir? Said I—may I now, without fear of your dreadful threats, venture to answer you? Too long I have done violence to myself by listening to you. But think not,

fir, that your licentious arguments can ever shake my virtue. I dare not, situated as I am, express my resentment at your insolent proposal, but——

Insolent! interrupted he, with emotion—yet I will be cool, little as you merit such generous treatment. My honour shall govern me. But do you then hate me, *Eliza*? added he, taking my hand; what have I done, ungrateful maid! to deserve it? Can I help loving you? Is not that passion involuntary? Do I not rather merit your pity? Oh! if you felt the pains of slighted love, you would then know how to compassionate others in that dreadful situation. But your savage heart is in no danger of gaining this experience, since it is incapable

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ble of tenderness.—Oh! no, continued he, pressing my hand to his lips; forgive this unjust reproach—It is not, shall not be insensible!

I made a fruitless attempt to withdraw my hand, but fearing to exasperate him by shewing my resentment, I, with as much coolness as I could assume, began reasoning with him, and, with all the little eloquence I was mistress of, painted the guilt and imprudence of his passion. Seeing him a little softened, I improved it in my favour, and in the most moving manner entreated him to leave me, but long was it before I could prevail on him to grant my request, and at last, not without being forced to promise that I would receive and read his letters, for he swore if I refused,

he would not only stay, but would throw off all restraint, and publish his passion to the whole world.

What could I do, in so alarming a situation? In terror every moment, lest he should change his behaviour, and only careful for the present, I was forced to agree to his request, however painful, that I might get rid of him.

Before he left me he took a bracelet from my toilet, and, in spite of my remonstrances, put it in his breast, declaring, he would never part from it. In exchange, he attempted to fasten his picture (which he had brought for that purpose) to my watch, but I prevented him, and positively declared I would burn it if he did.—And so I will—for I found it this morning on my table. I am

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I am so much indisposed with my last night's terror and want of rest, that I could not attend the tea-table this morning; but, luckily, my illness spared me the mortification of seeing him before he set out for town.

Rejoice with me, my dear *Charlotte*, at my deliverance! As to his odious letters, I must keep my promise, though, you may believe, I shall pay but little attention to them.

I am so fatigued I can write no more.—Adieu. Continue to love

Your affectionate,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



H 3

LET.

150 ELIZA: Or, the

LETTER XX.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss
CHARLOTTE LENOX.

SUCH a beau, *Charlotte*! fresh as
imported from the very center of
the *beau monde*! A red coat too, to
make him the more irresistible! Upon
my word, the prettiest fellow I have
seen this age! Tall, elegant, smart,
and lively. Oh, I feel all the symptoms
of coquetry coming on me again.
I must, positively, have a little flurta-
tion with him. Sure he wont take it
into his head to prefer Miss *Essex* to
me! Yet there seems a tolerable good
understanding

understanding between them — but then they are relations — aye, that's all, his heart must absolutely be my conquest. How would it mortify me to find him insensible! I really don't know when I had so great an inclination to gain an humble servant as since I saw this gay captain. — His name *Archer*, too! — Smart that, and not ill bestowed on him, who is, I find, no bad marksman. — He is to spend a month or two with us, sure in that time one would think I might do some execution. I find my (for some time past) almost useless wit, greatly sharpened, since he came amongst us, for he is excellent at repartee. — After all I am apprehensive he will attach himself to some of our rural nymphs, and what injustice

would that be to my charms!—But really, this morning he was a little waggish to a pretty prim maiden, to whom Lady *Essex* condescended to stand god-mother, and of whose education she has taken the charge: nor is her kindness ill bestowed; for the little *Jenny* is a modest trim lass.

She this morning brought her benefactress a present of fruit, with which she was ordered into the parlour. The captain was sitting by me, reading a poem that had been recommended to him—when, in comes the nymph, courtlying and blushing.

Come here, *Jenny*, said my lady, where have you been this great while? How comes it that I have not seen you? You must know Captain *Archer*, turning to him, this little maid is a tenant's

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tenant's daughter, and a great favourite of mine. Is not she a neat damsel?

Yes, upon my soul is she, answered he. Your ladyship shews your good taste in distinguishing her with your favour. She seems very deserving. You must give me leave to salute your little hand-maid.

And up he got and would have kissed her, but the fair rustick ran from him.

Eye, cried my lady, let the girl alone, you wild creature.

'Tis not I that am wild, said he, laughing, but pretty Jenny.

• Lady *Essex*, give her up to my management, that I may tame her.

Oh, without doubt, answered she, very willingly. You would be an

H 5 excellent

excellent tutor for her. — Never mind him, *Jenny*; hold up your head, a virtuous girl has no cause to be ashamed to shew her face, and, I dare say, you are so.

I am not so clear in that point, said he, let me catechise her a little. — Come here, child, I want to talk with you. Was you ever in love, *Jenny*? Ha, my pretty dear? continued he, staring at her. The girl blushed.

Look you there, said he, smiling, she has answered one question ingenuously in the affirmative—Now to the next.—

Don't tease her, cried my lady. — Come, my dear, to be even with him, question him, in his turn, from a better catechism, and I'll lay my life you silence him.

I deny

I deny that, madam, said he, I can go as far in mine as she has done, nay farther, since I can both tell my name and who gave it me; so, come on, my rosy querist, I am ready for you.

Be quiet, said Lady *Essex*, I want to talk to her.

He bowed, and she then asked her several kind questions about her parents, and, making her a present, bade her go, and be sure, said she, continue to be a good girl, and keep the fellows at a distance.

Aye, be sure you do, cried the captain, for they are sad creatures;

• *Roger* and all, continued he archly, from the clown to the courtier.

Not excepting the captain, added my lady.

I Well put in, said he, thank you for the compliment.

You are extremely welcome to it, said she, and I see it does not displease you. Oh fye, cried he, why should you suppose that? how can I be pleased with the imputation of being a sad fellow? I thought you had a better opinion of my morals.

Morals! said she, shaking her head, fine morals are those you have to boast of.

Why, really madam, said he, I do not think them contemptible, though I look on gallantry to be but a venial sin at worst.

Hush, cried my lady, do not gloss over vile actions with smooth names, you will spoil my girls principles by listening

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listening to you.—I hope you do not understand him *Jenny!*

Leave her with me, then, said he laughing, and I will soon make her comprehend my meaning.

She might as safely trust her sheep with the wolf, answered my lady. Go, child, continued she, let me see you soon again.

The nymph courtied and away she tripped. I did not indeed see any good reason for her staying so long, but powerful flattery, how forcible are thy attractions! High, as well as low, are sensible of thy charms.

From an agreeable subject I turn to
• a very painful one.

I am pestered with letters — from what quarter you may easily guess. The last I enclosed to return to him,

him, and wrote in the cover that I had fulfilled my promise of reading them, but as it was not mentioned in our agreement how long I was to submit to the painful task, I could stretch my complaisance no farther, but would positively send them back unopened, if he continued to torment me. — I hope my resistance will at length weary him, and deliver me from his persecution.

As I am to answer your cousin's letter, I must shorten this, lest I should be too late for the post. I give you joy, my dearest *Charlotte*, but shall say more on the pleasing subject of your intended marriage in my next—
 till then

Adieu,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss

CHARLOTTE LENOX.

• **D**O, my dear, you that are an adept in the soft passion, tell me how people feel that are in love, for I begin to experience some unusual symptoms, when in company with this same captain—and yet the wretch treats me with nothing but unmeaning gallantry. He is fond of my company, jokes and rallies with me, but no soft speeches, no flames and darts. Yet I over-heard him tell *Miss Essex*, who had asked his opinion of me, that I was amazingly handsome,

some, and had a charming flow of spirits. But what then? admiration and love are very different passions. I don't care, my wound is but slight, and will soon be healed, if a change in his behaviour does not increase it. The little villager runs in his head, and, being no friend to marriage, he thinks he can have her on easier terms.—Oh, these seducers! who is safe from their snares?

Last night Lady *Essex* made an entertainment for her tenants, as is her yearly custom. After abundance of good cheer the young people fell to dancing in the hall. The captain teased me to go and see how they went on. I guessed it was for the sake of having a look at his pretty *Jenny*, which made me the more backward

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backward to oblige him, but when I found he was in danger of going without me, Miss *Essex* and I consented to accompany him. He was really extremely diverting in the remarks he made on the lads and lasses. — His little rustick was sitting by her mother. The girl's head will be turned, I suppose. She thinks herself too good to be a partner to a clown, now the fine captain has condescended to take notice of her.

We had not been long in the hall before my spark gave us the slip, in order to have a little chat with his fair one. I took Miss *Essex* by the arm, and, without his perceiving us, followed him to where she was. He began talking to the mother.

Is

Is this your daughter? said he. Upon my word, dame, she's a tight lass. But how comes she without a partner? You are not afraid to trust her with one, I hope?

No, forsooth, answered the good woman, but she would not dance.

Oh, but that must not be, said the captain, 'twill do her good. A little exercise will make her blood circulate. Wont it, *Jenny*? Chucking her under the chin. Shall I be your partner, child? What say you, dame, have I your consent?

Your honour is pleased to be merry, answered the mother.

O, yes, said he, I am always pleased when I am merry. Then turning to the nymph, he whispered some soft speeches in her ear and took her hand.

Oh,

Oh, I shall take care, said the girl, in answer to something he had been saying to her in a low voice, how I believe your flattery. I will be virtuous for all your fine speeches. And I wonder, sir, added the little pert one, how you can set your wit against a poor simple girl. Why should you seek to ruin one that never did you any harm?

Never did me any harm! answered he, that I deny. You have robbed me, and I will have payment for what I have lost.

How, sir, said she, how can you talk so? I rob you?

Yes, said he, snatching her hand, can you deny that you have stolen my heart, a thing I set more value on than any other I possess?

And

And yet, said she, it should not seem as if your honour did, for if all is true that's talked of you, it has been offered to half the girls in the parish.

I might offer it, said he, smiling, yet without any intention of parting with it; but you, my little fly one, have taken it by force, and I will have your's in exchange.

No thank your honour, said she, I know who would have the worst part of the bargain, for mine is an innocent one—but your's fir—

What of mine, my pretty smart one? said he; let me die if you have not an infinite deal of wit, and want only a little of my instruction to compleat you.

And have you not given her enough for one night? cried I, tapping him on the shoulder. Oh,

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Oh, my charming Miss *Granville*! said he, are you there? I have been talking to our little shepherdess—

Yes, I know you have, said I. How does she take her lessons? you have catechised her sufficiently, I suppose, by this time. My lady has been very civil to train her up in good principles to give you an opportunity of shewing your dexterity in perverting them.

Uncharitable! said he, smiling.

Can you, my dear Miss *Granville*, imagine I was so ill employed?—Ask the girl if I have not been giving her some excellent advice. You don't know what a grave lecturer I am, when I take upon me to be the tutor.

Yes, said I, I can give a shrewd guess how you would execute that office.

office. But come, I am informed supper waits, though perhaps, added I, smiling, you chuse to feast on less substantial fare than that we are going to partake of?

No, answered he, taking my hand, every entertainment is exquisite, where your beauty is added to the repast. So saying, he led me into the parlour, where we spent a very agreeable evening, not without his suffering a good deal of raillery from Miss *Essex* and me on his attachment to the fair rustick.

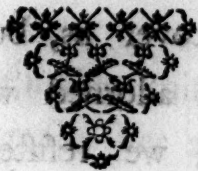
I rejoice, my dear *Charlotte*, on the prospect of your approaching union! Miss *Essex* left me a little abruptly, when I told her of your intended marriage, and I could observe, when I saw her again, that she had paid
the

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the tribute of a few tears, to her departed hopes; yet is not her friendship for you diminished. She has too noble, too generous a heart, to be capable of envy. Do her justice, and permit her a share in your affection, together with

Your,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



LET.

LETTER XXII.

*Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss
CHARLOTTE LENOX.*

CAPTAIN *Archer*, *Miss Essex*,
and your friend, took a ram-
ble yesterday and were caught in a
most dreadful storm. We fled to
some trees for shelter, and the polite
swain would have stripped himself of
his coat to cover us, but though a
red one, and adorned with a shoul-
der-knot too, we resisted the offer,
and would not accept of the fa-
vour.

The thunder and lightning terrifi-
ed me to death, and I stood shiver-
ing

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ing and screaming at the danger we were in. What would have become of us heaven only knows, if a charitable christian had not, from her window, seen the dismal plight we were in, and sent a servant with cloaks and an invitation for us to make use of her house till the storm was abated. You may believe we joyfully accepted her offer, and gladly followed our guide, to a neat little building, where there was a kind of elegance, in spite of the plainness and simplicity of the furniture.

As the hospitable mistress did not immediately make her appearance, I had leisure to examine the apartment.

A guitar lay on the table with some music books, which I found con-

Vol I.

I

sisted

sisted chiefly of hymns. A small, but neat library, into which I made a slight examination, seemed to be chiefly composed of books on religious subjects. Our wild companion was a little merry on the occasion, and whispered us that it was certainly some old matron, who had been useful in her day and generation, but was now doing penance for the sins of her youth. He was proceeding, when in came the lady, and accosted us with so much elegant good-breeding, that I was amazed, for who would have expected the graceful ease of a court in a cottage? For such, when compared to its inhabitant, it might justly be called.

Her manner was so uncommonly insinuating, that we were in a few minutes

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minutes perfectly intimate. As the storm still continued, she ordered tea. Her neat attendant prepared it for us in an instant. When it was over, she, at the first asking, obliged us with an air on the guitar, accompanied by the finest voice I ever heard. Even you, my dear *Charlotte*, though perfect mistress of that instrument, could not have acquitted yourself better. Captain *Archer* was charmed, both with her delightful voice and the sprightly wit of her conversation; nor is her person less agreeable.

She is a little woman, but elegantly formed; and has something so graceful in her manner, that you would think, when you see her, it must be a disadvantage to be taller. Her hands, neck and arms are inimitable, both

for shape and colour, her complexion fair as the lilly: if deficient in any thing it is the want of a little more mixture of the rose, yet that, to me, is no disadvantage, as it gives her face a greater air of delicacy. Her large black eyes beggar all description; her eyebrows are finely arched, her teeth white, though not exactly even, nor are the rest of her features those of a regular beauty, but admirably agreeable; and her look is so sensible, so touching, that one can hardly discover any defect. Her hair, which is the finest in the world, and in the greatest quantity I ever saw, is a shining black, and if suffered to fall loosely over her shoulders, would give her the perfect air of a magdalen.— Such is the person of the fair Mrs.

M andeville.

I could

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I could not help expressing some surprize at her burying so many perfections, as she was mistress of, in retirement. She very frankly offered, if agreeable, to relate some particulars of her past life, which, she said, would account for her choice of solitude. You may believe we made no objection to a proposal from which we expected great entertainment; and, accordingly, like true heroines in romance, we prepared to listen to her adventures, which you know are always related by them on these occasions. — After a pause, to use the proper stile, she began as follows. — But you shall have it in another letter, as I am tired of writing. Adieu, till then,

ELIZA GRANVILLE

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LETTER XXIII.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss
CHARLOTTE LENOX.

Wherein is given, The
History of Mrs. MANDEVILLE,

As related by herself.

MY father, ladies, was a gentleman of small fortune; he had a large family, of which I was the youngest. My brothers and sisters wisely endeavoured to suit their minds

to

to their conditions, but I was naturally ambitious, and could not forbear murmuring a little, that providence had fixed my lot in so humble a station, when I thought myself qualified to shine in a more exalted sphere.

These sentiments, which I could not entirely hide, would frequently excite the resentment of my sisters, who condemned my unbecoming pride, while I despised their meanness. How happy, thought I, are those who enjoy the goods of fortune! How soothing is it to be flattered and caressed, to be treated with respect and deference by one's inferiors, and to acquire the notice of the great and powerful! Surely, those that are rich, can want no other requisite to happiness. Only those who have not the means

of enjoying this life tell us there are no true pleasures in it. Would it were in my power to make the experiment!—I should not fear success.

Such were frequently my thoughts, and from them you may form an idea of my joy, when I found myself addressed by a young gentleman of considerable fortune. Nothing could equal my transports on the occasion, Elate with the thoughts of making a figure in the world, you may believe the gentleman met with a favourable answer to his suit. Never once did I ask my heart if I loved him—He was rich, my ambition would be gratified, and that was sufficient.

The parade of our marriage, the fine cloaths, the deference that was paid me by my former acquaintance,
for

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for some time, made me rejoice in my felicity, but a few months convinced me I had not arrived at the happiness I expected. The novelty began to wear off; my friends had seen, congratulated me on my good fortune, and flattered my vanity, by their praises; but now the wonder ceased, the change was become familiar to us all, and I no longer excited their attention.

But though disappointed in my first attempt after happiness, I yet was not discouraged from the pursuit. I now determined to court the acquaintance of the great. My fortune and genteel rank in life soon gained me admittance amongst them. This was a new scene to me. Now, thought I, I have, indeed, found out the true art

of living. I am convinced, when I have gained a little more confidence, and acquired a few fashionable airs, I shall be amazingly happy.

These obstacles were surmounted, and yet I remained unsatisfied—The felicity did not answer my expectations. I found my self treated as an inferior, their condescension was considered as a favour, which I was obliged to purchase at the expence of flattery, and a submission to their judgments and opinions, that I could but ill brook. It's true, I began to be considered by my former acquaintance, as a person of some consequence, which did not fail to excite their envy; but there is little consolation in appearing happy to others when we are not really so in ourselves.

This

This determined me to change my plan, resolving to try what satisfaction public amusements could yield. I now became a constant attendant on plays, assemblies, &c. but a short trial convinced me the pleasure did not answer the expence, besides the ill humour my husband expressed at my extravagance and constant dissipation, made my life very uncomfortable. Disatisfied when abroad, and still more miserable when at home, I too late found, that it was wretchedness to pass one's life with a man one does not love. What added to my grief, was, that on more strict enquiries into Mr. B—'s estate, I found it was not near so large as he had represented it to me. This was a source of quarrel and uneasiness to us both;

I reflecting on him for having deceived me, in so material an article, and he condemning me for want of prudence and oeconomy.—But fruitless were his lectures; I had got a habit of dissipation, and had too little affection for him to retrench my pleasures. Numberless were the shifts I was forced to have recourse to, to enable me to support the figure I made in the gay world. And sure, nothing is so miserable as keeping up the appearance of affluence with a narrow fortune! Yet is it the condition of half the world, who, with a strange kind of infatuation, prefer the shadow of happiness to the reality.

For about two years I fluttered amongst the gaudy throng, at the expence both of my peace and fortune,

but

but found it, at last, absolutely necessary to agree to Mr. B—'s proposal of retiring into the country, to retrieve a little our perplexed affairs.

You may imagine it was not without great reluctance I quitted the dear town, though I had, in reality, no great reason to be fond of it. Still unsuccessful in the pursuit of those pleasures I thought it capable of yielding—yet could no disappointments convince me but that happiness was attainable.

The plan was soon settled for our retirement, and a house taken in a country remarkable for its cheapness.

• To this place we removed our family.

The consolation of finding myself the finest lady in the place, in some measure,

measure, supported my spirits in a banishment from the *beau monde*. I had a taste for music, sung agreeably, and was distinguished by a vivacity in my manner, that soon procured me admirers.—The ladies I kept in awe by my wit, which, being of the satirical kind, forced them to treat me with a distinction that was not very agreeable to themselves, as the assiduity with which the gentlemen behaved to me was more likely to excite their envy than friendship.

By the beaux I was courted and caressed. My natural gaiety was embellished by a dash of coquetry that gave me a superiority over others of more merit, but less polite assurance. I spoke my sentiments with freedom and ease, and gave myself airs that,

though

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though perhaps ridiculous, yet passed on these good people, who had seen but little of what is called life, for marks of good breeding, and a proof that I had been accustomed to genteel company.

I was continually engaged in parties of pleasure, which the gentlemen were daily inventing for my amusement. And now I should, for the first time, where least expected, have begun to think myself happy, but for Mr. B—, who took it into his head to be jealous.

I own my behaviour was not very circumspect. Though I never indulged myself in liberties that could justly be called criminal, and in none but such as all fine ladies take without scruple, yet did I lead a wearisome life,

life, about one gentleman in particular, who was indeed very assiduous to me. My intimacy with him, and some little levities in my behaviour, made such an impression on the mind of my husband, that he insisted on our leaving the country, and returning to *London*.

I opposed this resolution with every argument I could collect. Talked in his own strain, of prudence and œconomy, but in vain. I was obliged to remove from a place that was just begining to be agreeable to me, and, in a few weeks after it was proposed, took leave of my new friends, with great regret, and returned to town.

The jaunt into the country had not answered the intent of it. Our affairs were as much involved as ever. This, joined
to

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to a weakly constitution, threw Mr. B—, into a fit of illness that did not end but with his life. His sickness taught me to feel a tenderness for him I had never before experienced. I attended him with the most watchful assiduity, and had the pleasure of seeing that it gave him satisfaction in the midst of his pain.

We had taken lodgings a little way from town, for the benefit of the air. Here I lived perfectly retired, seldom leaving my husband's apartment.

One day, as I was fauntring in the garden, amused with none of the most agreeable reveries, I heard the window of a neighbouring house flung open, and, on looking up, saw a young gentleman, who seemed to eye me
with

with the greatest attention. Not the least inclined to coquetry at that time, and unwilling to indulge his curiosity, I hastily left the garden.

Next morning a servant informed me that Doctor *Smith* was in the parlour, and desired to speak with me. Doctor *Smith*! repeated I, I know no such person—It must be a mistake. Mr. B—'s physician has but just left us, and there was no order for the attendance of any other. The answer was, that he came by that gentleman's desire.

I went down, where I found a person who appeared to be extremely handsome, nor could a large wig disguise one of the finest faces I had ever seen. He bowed gracefully on my entrance.

I come,

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I come, madam, said he, at the request of Mr. B—'s physician, who told me he had made a trifling mistake in the prescription he wrote this morning, and as he was in a hurry to attend another patient, and knew I was to pass by your house, he desired me to alter it before it was sent to the apothecary—I hope I do not come too late?

I told him he did not, and thanking him for the trouble he gave himself, sent for the paper. He looked at it with becoming gravity, and, with an air of importance, took pen and ink, and wrote. After some time, turning again to me, and looking attentively in my face; I fear the doctor will have another patient, said he, you do not seem to be well.

Give

Give me leave, madam, to feel your pulse.

I smiled, and he took my hand, which he gently pressed between his, giving me, at the same time, a most expressive look.

What are you doing? cried I, blushing, and withdrawing it—I thought the wrist was the proper place to feel for the pulse; you take a new method.

Yes, said he, smiling, we grow wiser every day. Mine is the most effectual way to judge. If the patient is of the fair sex, we press the hand and watch the eyes for the symptoms of her disorder, and are by them directed what remedy to apply.

And what judgment do you form of my case? said I. What medicine do you prescribe?

This,

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This, in the first place, answered he, putting my hand to his lips; and, if you will give me leave, the next application shall be to your charming mouth.

Softly, cried I, pushing him from me, your remedies are worse than the disease—I will have no more of them. You are some quack, I fear, and impose on me, when you would pass for a regular-bred physician.

He was going to answer, and pre-
faced it with an insinuating look, but
was prevented by the entrance of a
servant, who told me his master was
enquiring for me.

I will come, immediately, said I—
and, turning to the doctor, I am ex-
tremely obliged to you sir, and will
not

not fail to acquaint Mr. Collet that you have followed his directions.

So saying, I curtsyed, bidding the servant open the door for the gentleman. He bowed, looked chagrined, and took his leave.

With the paper in my hand, on which he had been writing, I went to Mr. B—'s apartment, musing on the oddity of this little adventure, not without some admiration of the lovely person of my young physician.

As I was turning the paper, I observed much more writing on it than I imagined could be necessary for the purpose. My curiosity was excited, I arose and went to the window to examine it.

The contents, I remember, were as follows.

To

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To the charming Mrs. B—.

Excuse, dear madam, a little strata-
gem, that love has made me practice.
I saw you yesterday from my window,
and was struck with your charms.
Even at that distance prudence would
have advised me to shun a nearer
view, but my heart refused to yield
to its dictates, and I eagerly sought
an opportunity to be more enslaved—
Strange infatuation! To wish to lose
a freedom that I have so long gloried
in! For, till I beheld you, I was
• indifferent to your whole sex; but I
can no longer boast of insensibility.
I came as your physician, but, alas!
'tis I that am the patient. And since
I am infected with a distemper that
none

none but you can cure, return the favour, dear madam, and, in your turn, prescribe for him who now earnestly applies to you.

I shall take the liberty to renew my visit to-morrow, to receive your advice in a case which yet I fear is incurable. The fee I offer my adorable physician, is, a heart that will receive a value from her deigning to accept of it.

Forgive me — Did I not already look on you as a widow, I should not have had the presumption—what shall I say?—I am no longer master of my actions, they are all influenced by the powerful deity who scorns the fetters of reason and prudence.

Once

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Once more I entreat your forgiveness,
and am,

With the greatest respect,

Your devoted,

HENRY BYRON.

I was surprized at reading this billet-doux, and for some time at a loss how to act with regard to the confident author. After various reasonings, I at last determined to write to him, which I did in the following manner :

To Mr. Byron.

S I R,

As you appeared in masquerade, I will not express the resentment your

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K

behaviour

behaviour would have merited, had you acted in your own character.

As I am willing to believe your love, as well as your profession, to be affected, I shall only consider it as a frolic; though, in my opinion, a very unseasonable one, and which gives no proof, either of your wisdom or discretion. I will not, therefore, throw away advice on one, who stands in so little need of my prescriptions; I mean with regard to your pretended malady.

You have no reason to complain of want of freedom, since never any person had more, if I may judge by that you take with me; but one peice of council I will give you, without the valuable fee you offer, which is, that you never more presume

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sume to repeat your unwelcome visits to,

E. B.

This billet I ordered my servant to deliver when he called again, but, by a never-failing argument, he persuaded him to take the charge of another. I did not fail to express my displeasure on the occasion, and though my heart was refractory, I had the prudence to return it unopened. This piqued Mr. *Byron* so much, that I heard no more of him, and was told some time after that he had left his lodgings. I own I was but half pleased with this intelligence, for, from the first moment I beheld him, I had experienced

perienced emotions that my heart was, till then, unacquainted with.

A few weeks after this adventure, I lost Mr. B. Greatly as I was at first afflicted, time alleviated my sorrow. On examination into my affairs, which were in great confusion, I found myself left in very indifferent circumstances, but determined to put them into some order. I removed to town as the most convenient place for business, and there took a small, but elegant house. My former acquaintance soon got intelligence of my return, and renewed their visits; and I began, once more, to recover my chearfulness and taste for pleasure. I was still young, and flattered that my weeds became me remarkably well. The men were very lavish of their compliments, and
made

made warm professions of friendship, but I soon found they were *only* professions.

Amongst the number of my female visitors, there was one lady with whom I was particularly intimate. She came in one morning when I was unusually grave, for I had been employed about business, a task that never failed to depress my spirits.

Come, said she, I won't allow you to be melancholy, when I have it in my power to give you consolation.

For heaven's sake administer it then, cry'd I, for I never stood more in need of it.

No, I cannot yet, answered she, but put on your best looks and I will see what can be done for you in the evening. I begged her to explain herself, but in vain; she left me without unra-

velling the mystery, promising to be with me again at five in the afternoon.

With a great deal of impatience I waited for that hour. The clock had no sooner announced it, than a rap at the door spoke her approach. I arose in a little flutter to receive her, but how was it increased when she introduced a gentleman to me, by the name of *Byron*, and in whom I immediately recollected the amiable physician! though now a thousand times more charming in his own character, without his large wig and formal suit. I cannot express the pleasure I felt on the occasion, nor were his transports less than mine.

There was now no obstacle to the indulging my passion. Never was woman

man blest with so assiduous, so engaging a lover. I saw him every day, and every day his affection seemed to increase. If compelled to the shortest absence, he wrote to me, and, good heaven's! how tender, how inimitably tender, were his letters! My answers were without reserve, and spoke the genuine language of my heart; a heart that I took a pride in acknowledging to be his.

Ah, what happy days were those! Now, said I, I am at last arrived at the summit of my wishes!—This is true felicity!—Nothing but love can make life supportable, nothing else deserves the name of pleasure. Why was I so long ignorant of its joys!

An union of hands, as well as hearts, was now only wanting to compleat my

happiness—but such a step would have been extremely imprudent, as his fortune was small. He had great expectations from his friends; but tho' these were uncertain, I felt no uneasiness.—I loved and was beloved, that was sufficient. How refined were the sentiments of my dear *Byron*! how engaging his conversation! how enviable my situation, for several delightful months, till an unexpected event obliged us to part!

An uncle of my late husband, who was extremely rich, and in a declining state of health, gave me an invitation to live with him. I had ever been a favourite with him, and had reason to rejoice at a proposal that was likely to be of great advantage to me, as the old gentleman was a bachelor and
would,

would, most probably, dispose of some part of his fortune in my favour. But then, the thought of leaving the amiable *Byron*! Violent was the struggle between love and interest, but prudence, and the persuasions of my friends, at last, got the victory, and compelled me to a separation from all I held dear on earth.

Nothing could be more moving than our parting. With a very heavy heart I set off for S— and met with the most friendly reception from Mr. B. The event of my journey proved fortunate. In less than five months the old gentleman died, and left me a fortune above my hopes. Eager to make my lover a partaker of it, with the most flattering prospects, I returned to town, but who can express my grief

and disappointment, when a letter from Mr. *Byron*, which I received immediately on my arrival there, informed me that he had the very day before embarked for the *West-Indies*! having, by the interest of his friends, obtained a very advantageous employment.

He endeavoured in the most tender manner, to console me for his absence, by repeated vows of eternal constancy, and assurance of a speedy return. This hope, and a firm reliance on his fidelity, a little alleviated my sorrow, and supported my spirits.

In the mean time I determined to enjoy my good fortune, by once more making a figure in the beau-monde. With this intent I hired a house, in a fashionable part of the town, furnished

it

it elegantly, and soon procured a numerous acquaintance. My mornings were engrossed by the labours of the toilet, and the evenings dedicated to cards and company.

At first my pride was flattered by the number of equipages that crowded my door, and the brilliant appearance of my visitors ; but I soon grew weary of repeating the same dull scene over and over again. My whole time, thus dedicated to others, became a kind of slavery, instead of an amusement ; and this, once more, determined me to change my plan. Still unsuccessful in my search of happiness, yet still eagerly bent in the pursuit of it, like *Solomon*, I had tryed almost every vanity under the sun, and, like him,

drew the same conclusion from it. Determining on a more rational scheme for the future, I now set up for the woman of sense, and courted the acquaintance of the learned; but even this did not answer my expectations. Authors were, I found, more entertaining in their works, than in their conversation; they shewed, besides, too little deference for my opinion, and took a liberty I had been but little accustomed to, of speaking their sentiments, though they contradicted mine. I grew disgusted, and, by degrees, dropped their acquaintance, and, in its turn, music became my favourite passion. I frequented operas and oratorios, had private concerts at my own house, affected to be a connoisseur in harmony, died with rapture

ture at an *Italian* air, and talked fluently, and with great confidence pronounced my judgment, of the most celebrated composers. The musical tribe were a gentle race, who honoured me with as much flattery as I could desire.

In the midst of all this folly and dissipation, the charming *Byron* was not forgot. I consoled myself under every disappointment, with an assurance that his return would make me completely happy. I talked of him incessantly, and discouraged every pretender to my heart, by acknowledging my engagement to another, so that all my acquaintance, as well as myself, expected our marriage to take place as soon as he arrived in *England*. What delightful plans did I not form
for

for our future happiness, when this wished-for union should take place!

He came at last—Good heavens! what were my joyful emotions, when a short note, wrote by his own dear hand, informed me he would be with me in the evening!

The whole day, till the long-expected hour arrived, was spent at my toilet, yet hardly then could I be satisfied with my dress. The moment I heard his well-known voice, I flew to meet him, and was running to cast myself into his arms—but, ah! ladies, how were my transports damped, when, instead of participating my joy, he approached me with all the marks of guilt and confusion painted on his countenance!

The

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The happy days of love and joy are vanished for ever ! cried he, in a faltering voice. I have ruined myself, and come to compleat my misery, by suffering the just resentment of her, who, in spite of the perverseness of my fate, ever must be most dear to me. Ah, my lovely, injured *Emilia* ! added he, an inevitable bar is, by one moment's fatal indiscretion, now placed between me and the enchanting hopes with which I parted from you. He sighed, and fixing his mournful eyes on me, became silent.

Dreadfully alarmed at a behaviour so different from what I fondly expected, I had hardly power to ask him an explanation of the mystery ; but judge, ladies, what I suffered, when, casting himself at my feet, and
hiding

hiding his face, he told me he was married!—and was proceeding to inform me how he was drawn into the snare! But, alas! I was no longer in a condition to listen to my misery! a fainting fit rendered me, for some time, insensible of my misfortunes. With great tenderness he used his endeavours to recover me, which he had no sooner effected, than I, unable now to bear the sight of an object that had, till then, been so dear to my heart, conjured him to leave me.

Go, false, ungrateful *Byron*! cried I, weeping; you have already had too great a triumph, by seeing the effect your inconstancy has caused in me. Ah, could I have expected such treatment from you?—from *Byron*? Once the most amiable, but now the most per-

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perfidious of his sex! Heaven! who is to be trusted, since you—even you, can cruelly deceive?—But, leave me, sir, go and amuse your new favourite—your wife, with the reflection of my woes—Go, boast of the sacrifice you have made her; tell her, that for her, you have broke through every tie of gratitude, of—

Oh! spare my bleeding heart, interrupted he, those just reproaches. Did you but know what I already suffer, you would be sensible there needs nothing more to add to my misery.—Yet, go on, my lovely, my once gentle *Emilia*.—Perhaps your resentment may work the effects I wish, and hasten that death which only can restore my lost peace. I will not ask
you

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you to listen to the stratagems that were used to ensnare me, the cursed artifices that were practiced to draw me into a marriage with a woman—but I must not, nor would you deign to listen to me—yet I could convince you I am rather to be pitied than condemned, in this fatal affair.

Ah, sir, cried I, what avails your justification? Are you not married? Lost to me for ever? Do not deceive me, then, let me believe you guilty, for while I think so, my pride may, in time, extinguish the remainder of my affection for you—but, added I, weeping, were I assured that you are still the tender, the unfortunate *Byron*, whose dear image is so deeply imprinted on my heart, I own my weakness—ah! when did I endeavour to
hide

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hide my sentiments from you?—yes, I own no time will be able to blot it from thence.

He took my hand, and raising his eyes with a look of tender woe; This is too much! cried he, this generosity, this endearing avowal of your unmerited affection, is more painful to me than your just upbraidings.—Yes, added he, after a pause, I will tear myself from you. Forget me—think me ungrateful—false—perjured—a monster you ought to hate—every thing that can banish my unworthy idea from your heart—while I, deprived of every joy in losing you, drag on a hated being for a few tedious months longer (for that I hope will be all) and then, farewell, a long farewell to all this world can give!—In ending these words,

with

with a deep sigh, he abruptly left the room.

Hardly knowing what I did, in the utmost distraction, I called him back, but, alas! he was already out of hearing—Ah! what a condition did I find myself in when alone! Reflection but added to my misery. I raved and wept by turns; not one ray of comfort or hope broke through the gloom of wretchedness that surrounded me; all my views were dreary and disconsolate—*Byron* was lost to me, and, with him, all possibility of happiness.

I was seized with a dangerous fever, which confined me to my bed for more than a month. Weak and emaciated as my body was, my grief, instead of being diminished, gained daily more force. During my illness a person had frequently

frequently been to enquire how I was, but refused to tell who had employed him. Alas! could I doubt but he came from the still tender, unfortunate *Byron*?

Death, which I had often invoked, refused its aid, and, contrary to every one's expectations, I recovered, tho' reduced to the very border of the grave.

Hardly was I able to leave my apartment, when I received the following letter from my unhappy lover:

To Mrs. B—

My prayers are heard. Heaven, who abandoned me in the most fatal moment of my life, has yet vouchsafed to hear me, in behalf of suffering

ing

214 *ELIZA: Or, the*

ing innocence, that never fails to be its care. You are recovering. Oh, may my unfortunate days be shortened, and what is taken from them, added to yours, with every wish of your heart to make them desirable !

I can accuse none, as the cause of my misery, but myself. A fatal intoxication, the giving the reins to my ungovernable passions, have cut me off from all prospects of happiness in this life. Seldom does vice go unpunished, even here.

For the sake of her, who I am now compelled by forcible ties to protect, and whose honour is connected with my own, I must for ever bury in oblivion a story that—pity me, I dare not, must not justify my conduct to you—Forget me—ah, my lovely *Emilia* ! is it By-

ron

ron that makes such a request? Think what it costs me!

To-morrow I shall leave *London*—Nothing but the danger that threatened your precious life could so long have detained me here.—I go to bury myself in the country. I dare not stay where I am in danger of seeing her whom I must struggle to—but no, it is impossible!—adieu—my bursting heart would urge me to say a thousand tender things, before we part for ever! but I will restrain my pen.—Once more adieu, thou lovely and best beloved.

HENRY BYRON.

I read this dear mournful letter a thousand times over. The violence of my grief was now converted into a settled

ried melancholy. I determined to bid adieu to all the amusements of the world, taking a kind of pleasure in indulging my sadness.

I busied my imagination in forming a plan for my future life, that would most conduce to the cherishing my sorrow. For this purpose I hired a small retired house at a little distance from town, to which I removed, dismissing all my unnecessary attendants.

You will, perhaps, smile, ladies, at what I am going to tell you, but you must remember that I was ever of a romantic turn, and that both grief and joy affected me in a more forcible manner than it would others, whose tempers are less warm and sanguine—you would never guess what companion

panion I took with me to my hermitage—a no less solemn one than my coffin.

With this dreary memento, I took my disconsolate journey to it, where I no sooner arrived, than I caused one of the apartments to be hung with black, and placing my last habitation on a table, and over it the picture of the dear cause of my grief, I lastly took my station opposite to them, and, in that manner, I determined to spend the remainder of my life in sighs and tears.

For several weeks I persevered in my plan, allowing myself only a few hours sleep, now and then in my chair, and just nourishment enough to prevent my being guilty of self murder. Books, and every thing else

that might divert my mind from the object of my woe, were excluded; a few mournful airs on my guitar, only, were allowed, which rather fed, than softened, my melancholy.

But time, that will, in spite of every effort to the contrary, at last weaken the most rooted sorrow, began to apply its healing balm, and I, now, continued my course of life, rather through obstinacy, and a kind of shame at the thoughts of quitting it, than from inclination.

By the continued entreaties of my attendants I was persuaded to leave my melancholy habitation for some hours, every day, in order to take the air as necessary for my health, which was greatly impaired by my close confinement.

I now

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I now indulged myself in solitary rambles through the pleasant walks that furrounded my house, but still, as much as ever, determined that nothing should prevail on me again to venture into the gay world, where I had so long, in vain, sought a happiness that had ever eluded my grasp.

One night, when I had left a pleasant grove to indulge more sad meditations in my solemn apartment, my maid came to inform me, that a traveller, who had lost his way, begged me to furnish him with a guide to the nearest inn, and, at the same time, entreated to see the mistress of the house, that he might make his apologies in person for the liberty he had taken.

A sort of curiosity, or rather that natural love of society from which I had been so long debarred, induced me to grant his request. I therefore went down to my guest, who either was, or affected to be surpris'd, when he saw me, and, after a little general conversation, in a very graceful manner, expressed his pleasure at meeting with a lady, so every way accomplished, in a retirement where he should so little have expected such a happiness. I affected to disclaim his compliments, though I own he did not appear with the less advantage in my eyes, for the delicate flattery, with which (perhaps for want of a better subject of discourse) he thought proper to honour me.

If

If he examined me with attention, I did not suffer his person to escape unnoticed. *Byron* excepted, I never beheld a more amiable man. His conversation, too, was perfectly agreeable, his manner graceful and insinuating. I felt myself listening to him with unusual pleasure, till *St. Evremond's* story of the *Ephefian Matron*, darted into my mind, and covered me with confusion. I hastily recalled the idea of *Byron* that had for some moments given place to others less melancholy, but, fortified with that, I not only became worse company, but, while it kept possession of my thoughts, imagined the stranger so to. The recollection of my sorrow gave a different cast to my features, that a gleam of joy had animated.

Sadness took place, and involuntary sighs escaped me, while I was visibly absent and inattentive to what he was saying. Sensible of the change, with a curiosity that was, however, checked by his politeness, he endeavoured to penetrate into the cause of my melancholy, but I avoided any explanation. He seemed affected at my sadness, and from a sort of sympathy, gradually lost his sprightliness, while his eyes conveyed to me a thousand tender glances, accompanied by sighs that shewed the symptoms of a beginning of a passion. As it grew late, he was obliged to take his leave, when my servant accompanied him to a kind of inn, that was about a mile distant from my house.

I cannot

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I cannot describe the unaccountable situation my mind was in after he was gone. I made an effort to go to my chamber of mourning, but stopped at the door, conscious that I was not in a fit humour for the meditation that used to accompany me in that retirement. Ashamed of my weakness, I endeavoured, but in vain, to banish the idea of him, who had been able, in so short a conversation, to disconcert a plan of life so fixedly, so considerately laid.

I spent a restless night, struggling against emotions, with which I was too well acquainted not to dread encouraging. Often did I invoke the image of my dear *Byron*, to banish the intruder, but he, piqued at the dawning symptoms of inconstancy,

that were beginning to appear in my heart, disdained any longer to maintain a post, that a rival was now endeavouring to dispute with him.

The return of day did not restore my tranquillity, but, determined to conquer so sudden, so unjustifiable a weakness, I forced myself to my usual employment. But a few moments had I gazed on the picture of *Byron*, whose charms the painter had skilfully imitated, when my ideas took their accustomed course.

Ah! life, cried I, casting my eyes on the coffin, hast thou still delusive baits to tempt me again to folly, after all the proofs I have had of thy emptiness? Here they must all end. Preach to me then,

vanity to ambition, thou

and

1

thou awful monitor, and let thy sad, but salutary lessons teach me wisdom.

After spending about an hour in such contemplations as these, I went to take my usual morning's walk, with an odd medley of thoughts jumbled together in my mind—death, love, and the stranger possessed me by turns—when, in crossing a shady wood, what were my emotions in beholding him approaching!

I would have avoided him, but he was already too near me, to do it without rudeness—he accosted me in the most graceful manner, telling me he was just going to my house, that he might have the honour of seeing and paying his respects to
me,

me, before he pursued his journey.— A journey, added he, sighing, that has procured me the most exquisite pleasure I ever tasted, but which will, in return, inflict an equal share of pain. He looked tenderly on me while he spoke. I felt myself blush, and endeavoured to turn the conversation. For many months past I had not experienced so much true satisfaction as in that morning's walk.

Before he took leave of me, which he often proposed, but still delayed on some pretence or other, till the day was pretty far advanced, he asked and obtained my permission to renew his visit, when he returned from *London*, at which place he was only to spend a few weeks.

I shall

I shall not disguise my foibles to you, ladies, but will expose them, in hopes you may reap some profit from my indiscretions.

Never did time creep more slowly on than did the interval between Mr. *Mandeville's* (that was the stranger's name) leaving me, and his return.

I know it is most peoples opinion, that true love is never experienced but once in one's life, but many examples, as well as my own sensations, have convinced me of the contrary. Some have formed very unaccountable ideas of that passion, refining upon it, and converting it into an imaginary something, that exists no where but in their own brain.

After three tedious weeks I had again the pleasure of seeing Mr. *Mandeville*.

denville. But I should have informed you, that I had, during his absence, taken the precaution to dispose of my coffin, as I began to think the world and I, though so long at variance, were likely once more to be reconciled—Nor was I deceived. My new lover had so insinuating a manner, and so perfectly possessed the art of consoling me, that, in less than a month after his return to — (where he had taken lodgings at a farm-house to be near me) I was prevailed on to become his wife.

Infatuated by my passion for him, I indiscreetly took his word for a large estate he pretended to be master of. Indifferent, indeed, about affairs of that nature, as my own was sufficient to satisfy people of moderate ambition,

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ambition, I was the less inquisitive about his, but, surely, it was an unpardonable negligence not to enquire into his character and connections. Alas! where love has possession of the heart, the still voice of reason is but little listened to.

Though I had changed my state, I yet wished to continue in the agreeable retirement, which I every day grew fonder of. Perfectly satisfied with the conversation of a man in whom I was continually discovering new perfections, I wished for no other society; but I soon found Mr. *Mandeville* began to grow weary of the country. He proposed our spending a few weeks in *London*, as the winter was approaching, and after that said, if it was agreeable to me, we would take

take a jaunt to R— and make a round of visits to his relations. Pleased with every thing that he proposed, and having no will but his, I readily consented. Accordingly the plan was soon settled, and preparations immediately begun for our departure.

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End of the FIRST VOLUME.



E R R A T A.

Page 25. Line 1. *for* After they were gone,
read After Dinner,

Page 209. Line 5. *for* reflection, *read* repetition.